Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 22, 1962 / 25¢

CREATIVE VISION

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By Dorothy Norman

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By Stephen Spender

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P-945. PICASSO: *PIERROT.* The artist's son Paul, at age four, in white-and-charcoal clown costume against background of red, deep green, brown, and pale blue. 23″ x 17″ silk-screen on 26″ x 20″ sheet. *Special* **2.98**

P-954. FRANZ MARC: *RED DEER.* A splendid silk-screen reproduction of these graceful animals, duplicating exactly the rich warm shades of red, blue, blue-green, orange, yellow and yellow-green. 16″ high x 23″ wide on a 20″ x 26″ sheet. *Special* **2.98**

P-956. GOTHIC BRASS RUBBINGS. A pair of black and white rubbings of these engraved brass cathedral slabs, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, showing a knight and his lady, c. 1405. Silk screen. Each is 38¾″ high x 11½″ wide on a 43″ x 14½″ sheet. *The pair* **2.98**

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P-816. RENOIR: CLOWN IN WHITE. A portrait of his son in clown costume. Red-haired figure in pink and white; tan foreground against a blue and green background. Silk screen, 16″ x 22″. *Special* **2.98**

P-917. *MIDTOWN.* An authentic Manhattan street scene by Margaret Layton. Flower pushcart, bookshop, pottery shop, grocery, baby carriage, music school, even an example of the now-vanished subway kiosks. Yellow, jade green, gray, brown, brick red, terra cotta, slate, black and white. Silk-screen. 10″ high x 37¾″ wide picture area. *Pub. at $15.00. Only* **2.98**

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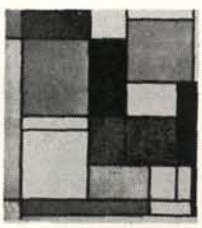

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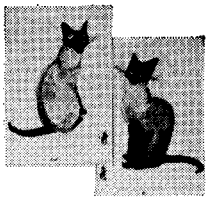

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P-866. KLEE: PUPPET SHOW. A charming and nostalgic silk screen reproduction in bright yellow, blue, purple, red, magenta, green and pink. 23″ x 16½″. *Special* **3.95**

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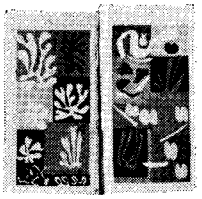
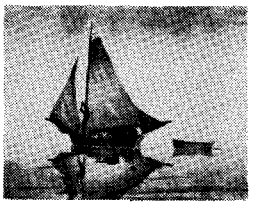


P-736. MATISSE MURALS. Two late works, *Snow Flowers* and *Vegetables*, each 35½″ x 14″. White flowers against green, orange, maroon, beige. Vegetables in white, green, yellow, blue. Limited ed. *The pair, special* **3.98**

P-795. MATISSE: CHARIOT. A charmingly gay panel of highly decorative shapes in light purple, blue, green, orange and black dramatically set against a white background. Silk screen, 16½″ high x 38″ wide. Matisse at his most lighthearted. A magnificent wall decoration for home, office, or classroom. *Special* **2.98**



P-918. WILLIAM HENRY: *BAHAMA SLOOP.* A handsome watercolor, silk screened to reproduce the muted tones of mahogany, mauve, taupe, pale blue-gray and gray. 21½″ high x 27¼″ wide picture area. *Pub. at $10.00. Only* **2.98**

P-860. MARC: *THE BLUE HORSE.* Silk screen on Canvas. Blue horse against green, yellow, pink, gray, purple, red and orange. 24″ x 18″ picture, on 30″ x 20″ canvas. *Special* **7.95**

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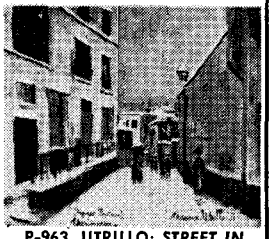
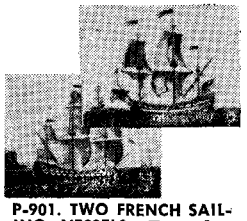


P-963. UTRILLO: *STREET IN MONTMARTRE.* Superbly silk-screened in white, gray, blue. Accents of yellow, pink, green, red. 17″ x 21″ on 20″ x 26″ sheet. *Special* **3.95**

P-874. PICASSO: BULLFIGHTER. This handsome and vibrantly sensuous figure in profile is silk screened in shades of rich purple on a sheet 26″ x 20″ *Special* **1.98**



P-901. TWO FRENCH SAILING VESSELS. Two fine old original prints, beautifully silk-screened to duplicate the original tones of blue, green, aquamarine, beige, yellow, red. Each 15½″ x 22″ on a 20″ x 26″ sheet. *The pair, special* **5.95**

P-803. THE WEIGHING OF SOULS. This stunning silk screen reproduction of a magnificent 6th century B.C. Egyptian papyrus, depicts the scene in the Hall of Double Justice where all souls are judged by Osiris. Figures in brown, green, blue and black against a tan background. 16″ x 40″ picture area on a sheet 17½″ high and 44″ wide. *Special* **2.98**

P-916. *UPTOWN.* Nostalgic Manhattan street scene painted by Margaret Layton re-creates a colorful New York. Stroll past antique shop, flower-peddler's cart, bookshop, and even an example of the exotic and now-vanished subway kiosks. Greens, yellow, magenta, gray, tan, black and white. Silk screen. 10″ high x 37¾″ picture area. *Pub. at $15.00. Only* **2.98**

P-961. BUFFET: *MATADOR.* Silk-screened in bright blue, black and white. Touches of pink, yellow. 26″ x 20″ on 35″ x 23″ sheet. *Special* **4.95**

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P-937. MAB AND TAB. A pair of green-eyed Persian kittens in sepia and black, each on a separate white sheet measuring 17″ high x 14″ wide. *The pair, pub. at $6.00.* *Both only* **1.98**

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On the other hand, of course, any government must operate with a certain degree of secrecy. Striking a fair balance between necessary privacy and the public's right to know is a persistent and difficult problem of the highest importance.

Because of the nature of the situation, I'm happy to report that one of this country's most talented reporters has now written "Washington Cover-Up," a serious and informed analysis of secrecy in government. The author's name is Clark Mollenhoff, and he's received over the years just about every award the profession of journalism can offer to its practitioners.

As Mr. Mollenhoff points out, the suppression of information isn't new in our government: the desire to keep the public in the dark has occurred to every politician with something to hide, from Washington's administration to the present. Possibly the most valuable contribution of "Washington Cover-Up" is Mr. Mollenhoff's thoughtful untangling of the relation between Congress as investigator and the administration.

As a professional uncoverer of facts, Clark Mollenhoff is the logical man to lay bare the excesses of governmental secrecy. In "Washington Cover-Up," he has succeeded doubly—showing how suppression works and how it may be confined to reasonable limits.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Washington Cover-Up" ($4.50), by Clark R. Mollenhoff, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies are available at your local bookseller's or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1331 E Street, NW, Washington 4, D.C.

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The SATURDAY REVIEW published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, Ray Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy. Subscription $7 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLV, No. 38, September 22, 1962. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature"

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Toshiko

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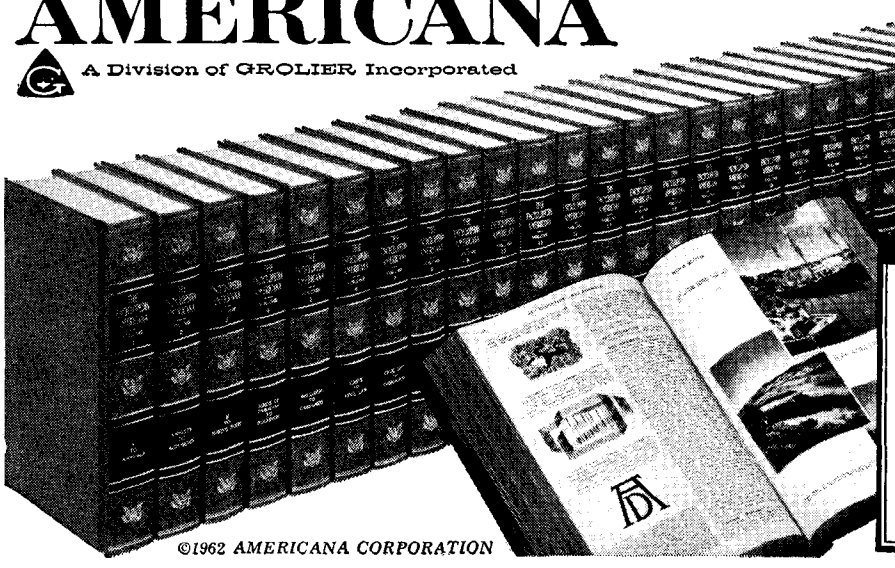

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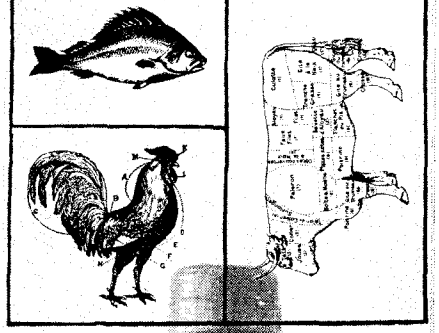

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Their gentle murmuring enchants
Lovers of long ago;
Their dainty whisperings undo
With blandishments endearing;
With bated breath they sigh and coo.
—Speak up, dammit! I'm hard of hearing.

—MORRIS BISHOP.

• • •

A GRIM TALE

IN A FIT of concern the other night, I decided that if bad TV was deadening my little boy's senses, good literature would sharpen them. So . . . I flipped off the set (in the middle of a commercial telling him boys wearing a certain brand of tennis shoes can jump with ease off six-story buildings), waited for his screams to subside, and perched him on my lap. In hand was a copy of Grimm's "Fairy Tales," a volume that has been in my family for as long as I can remember. It fell open automatically to "Tom Thumb." Must have been a childhood favorite Dad read to me, I decided, so I launched forth.

It caught his attention quickly, for the tale opens fast with the lonely old woodman and his wife getting their wish for a child, even one no bigger than a thumb. And my son admired the way Tom utilizes his size by riding in the horse's ear to give it directions and drive his father's cart into the woods.

Not recalling the details, I got interested, too, as Tom talks his father into selling him to the strangers who want to use him in a sideshow—promising to sneak away and return home. Not exactly according to Gesell, perhaps, but a shrewd way to pick up "a large piece of gold."

My son and I anxiously followed Tom through the escape, then his capture by thieves and his double-cross of the thieves in the parson's house. By raising Cain and arousing the cook, when he was supposed to be in there to filch the parson's gold, Tom puts the run on those thieves, all right!

With Tom now fleeing from the misunderstanding cook, my boy was hanging on every syllable. I enthusiastically read on to the part where Tom hides in a bundle of hay and gets swallowed by a hungry cow. That slowed me, but the boy was intrigued and gayly applauded Tom's ingenuity in escaping—by talking from the cow's belly and making the parson and cook think the poor animal is bewitched. When I read, "so the cow was killed, and the stomach, in which Tom lay, was thrown out upon a dunghill," I decided maybe I should have looked over the story ahead of time.

But I couldn't stop short of the goal, of course. Not with my excited son eager for the next adventure, thrilling now to the superior joys of the printed word.

My own stomach lurched when I read the next bit—about the wolf's eating the cow's stomach. Tom misses the molars, though, and, again talking from the inside, cons the wolf into taking him home on the promise of a kitchen full of food.

I was reading too quickly to rephrase sentences when Tom's father and mother see the wolf and come running . . . "and the woodman ran for his axe, and gave his wife a scythe. 'Now do you stay behind,' said the woodman, 'and when I have knocked him on the head, do you rip up his belly for him with the scythe!' "

Grabbing a breath, I barreled through Tom's cries of warning that

he was inside and the whole bloody business of dispatching and dissecting the animal.

It might have been all right. I may have gotten into "Cinderella" or "Rumpel-stilts-kin" if my son's vocabulary had been larger. He knew what had happened to the wolf, and cheered the event lustily, but he wanted a description of a scythe. Being a city boy, he has never seen one.

Well, what could I do but tell him. I did, and then closed the book and started him on the way to bed. I didn't get him there until he had ripped open the wolf-sofa, wolf-chair, wolf-table,

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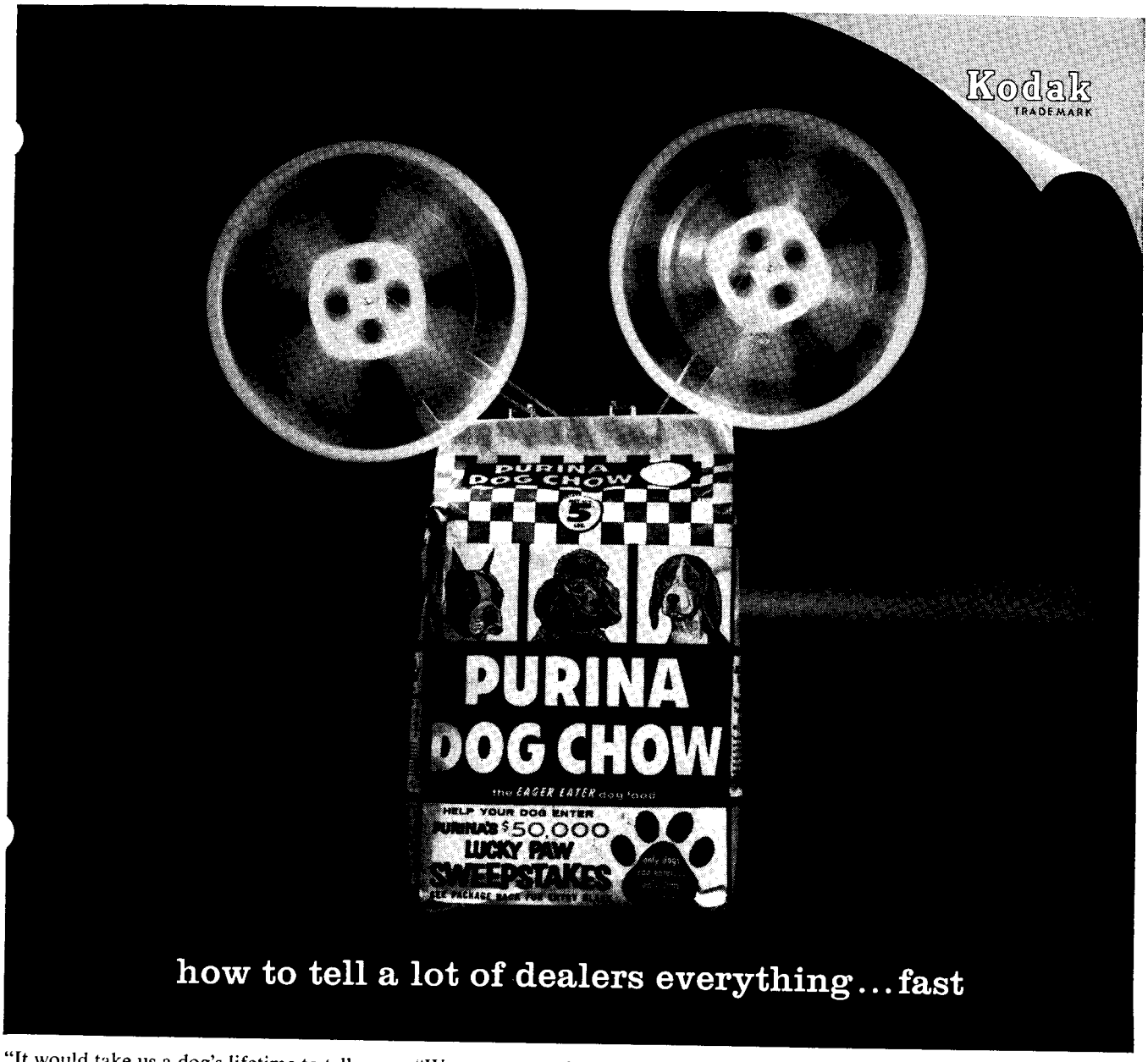

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"Our main qualification for projectors is that salesmen be able to run them easily, without embarrassment. KODAK PAGEANT Projectors qualify."

KODAK PAGEANT 16mm Sound Projectors never call attention to themselves, never embarrass the operator. The newest model (AV-126-TR) is perfect for sales. It is quiet-running, simple, and dependable, suited to small-room presentations or huge auditorium showings. Its transistorized sound system needs no warm-up, is designed to remain maintenance-free for the life of the projector. A school child can set it up and operate it. Many actually do in schools across the country.

* * *

A Kodak audiovisual dealer will demonstrate a KODAK PAGEANT *16mm Sound Projector for you at your convenience. No obligation, of course.*

KODAK PAGEANT Projector 〉 **EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,** Dept. 8-V, Rochester 4, N. Y.

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THE GREAT WHITE WINE OF BROLIO CASTLE

Refreshingly light and dry. A wine of distinction from Baron Ricasoli's cellars at Castello di Brolio, Florence, Italy.

Baron Ricasoli's

BROLIO BIANCO

IMPORTED BY BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

and wolf-daddy—several times—with his own imaginary scythe.

I'm afraid I lost my temper and had to threaten to backhand him if he didn't stop it—and especially if he didn't quit making that awful "r-r-r-rip!" noise with each slash.

—NEIL MELLBLOM.

• • •

YOU LUCKY INDIVIDUAL

I'M TIRED of people who tell me that when I'm depressed I should write down on a sheet of paper all the things which apparently are causing my troubles. Do this, they say, and then tear up the paper and you'll feel much better. Well, I tried this, twice, and both times on reading over what I had written, I felt considerably worse. Fortunately, I have since discovered a new strategy for overcoming such fits of depression. I got it from a book and I recommend the method to anybody interested. If you start to feel blue (says the book), just reflect you are unique, and there is nobody else in the world quite like you; immediately you will feel your spirit lift and will adopt a totally new outlook on living. Better yet, don't merely reflect, write it down on a sheet of paper (says the book) what it is which makes you unlike anyone else. For example, one day last week I felt myself going into a gloomy mood, so I rushed to my filing cabinet, in which I keep a collection of unsold manuscripts, miscellaneous clippings, and a daily journal, and searched desperately there for *something, anything,* that would prove how unique I am. In five minutes, then, I found I was unique on that particular day because, among other accomplishments, I have:

(1) once owned a square-foot of the Battlefield of Gettysburg, which I deeded over to the Government of the United States;

(2) seen Johnny Vander Meer pitch a no-hitter against the Boston Bees, in Cincinnati, June 11, 1938;

(3) made a toll-free telephone call *from* the Bell Telephone Laboratories, at Murray Hill, New Jersey, where a friend was employed;

(4) been awarded a fourth prize, a "Li'l Abner Wrist Watch," in a contest conducted by General Foods;

(5) paid no income tax in any of the past six years, as I haven't earned sufficient income.

Of course, should you come across, among those items that contribute to your uniqueness, something which tends to depress you all over again, the book suggests you at once tear up the paper and start a new list.

—G. C. WEBER.

CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

A new group of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. Paintings from the Italian primitives to Cézanne and Seurat, medieval ivories and miniatures in precious colors, Byzantine enamels on gold, Renaissance angels, tapestries and embroideries in colored silks, Greek vase paintings, drawings and prints by Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Dürer, and Gauguin, and a festive variety of designs from Egypt, India, China, and Japan. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. Mail the coupon below for the catalogue, which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed S11

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

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A MONUMENTAL PUBLISHING ACHIEVEMENT
THE FIRST EDITION IN ENGLISH OF THE
LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PREHISTORIC AND ANCIENT ART

SPECIAL PRE-PUBLICATION OFFER FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

On October 31, 1962, Americans will at last have the opportunity to explore the splendors (and breathtaking surprises) of this long-awaited illustrated volume spanning all the ages, cultures, and races of mankind from the prehistoric dawn of human society to the fall of Rome...and incorporating the most modern knowledge in the fields of Art Criticism, Archaeology, History, Anthropology, Mythology, Iconography, Ethnology, and Comparative Religion.

MORE THAN 750 ILLUSTRATIONS, MANY IN FULL COLOR. A GIANT VOLUME OF 8" x 11½" PAGES

Celebrated scholars labored for ten years to assemble, document, and interpret for this book the art treasures of the Neolithic, Paleolithic, Chalcolithic, Archaic, Homeric, Biblical, Classical, Hellenistic, and Roman eras... as well as those of the comparable periods in India, China, Japan, Oceania, pre-Columbian America...and of the primitive societies that have survived into modern times. Hard-to-find copies of the original French-language edition have brought premium prices throughout America. This is the first edition ever available in English. There is no other book like it.

EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW AND SEE

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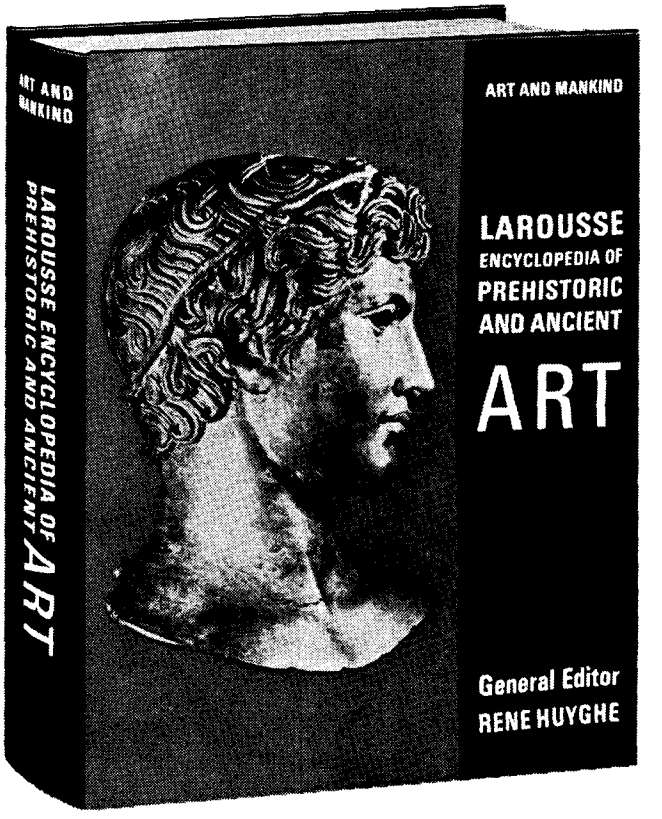

"BEAUTY AND BESTIALITY INEXTRICABLY JOINED"

Here are the cave paintings and rock frescos of prehistoric man...the awesome megaliths of Stonehenge and Carnac... sketches of women conceived with the sophistication of a stone-age Modigliani...and the first human jewelry. Here too, is the epic fusion of sex, religion, and art in the sacred rituals of the Mother Goddess.

Read on and explore the lost civilizations of the Indus Valley and the art treasures of prehistoric China...the art of ancient Egypt, Sumeria, Akkadia, Babylonia and Assyria . . . of the Medes and Persians, Hittites, Canaanites, Phoenicians, and even the long-neglected Carthaginians . . . the fabulous "Parisian" society that preened and flourished in Minoan Crete . . . the Mycenaeans who brawled at the gates of Troy...the mysterious Etruscans...the stupendous art of Greece (greater and gaudier than the fig-leafed museum pieces have led us to believe)... the art of republican and imperial Rome...the barbaric splendors of the ancestral Celtic and Germanic tribesmen . . . the bizarre art of the Huns (and how its influence helped create the gothic cathedrals)...the dazzling encounter of Hellenic, Iranian, Indian and Chinese art along the ancient Silk Route.

Then wander through the art of the incredible civilizations of ancient Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru...the masterpieces of the ancient Negro empires in Africa ...the art of the South Pacific (where family albums are composed of smoked ancestral heads)...and the 20th century primitive cultures in which the earliest gropings of human art live again before our eyes.

...all of it illustrated and illumined in an incomparable assemblage of ancient, prehistoric, and primitive painting, sculpture, symbols, idols, rituals and sacrificial objects, many rarely seen by modern Western eyes.

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A work of such size and scope and richness of illustration would ordinarily be priced at $25.00 or more. However, the enormous advance interest expressed by laymen and scholars alike has encouraged the publisher to plan a first printing so large that the price may be brought down to $17.95. But you can save even more by reserving your copy now.

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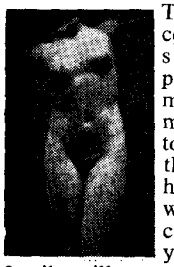

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A College Credit Course in

Enrollment now open for "The American undergraduate & graduate levels broadcast Stations on College of the Air during the

Today, every intelligent American asks searching questions about the economy in which he lives and works. What accounts for changing job, income and price levels in the United States? What are the economic roles of business firms, labor unions, farms and households? How does our mixed free-enterprise system compare with socialist and communist systems? How does the American economy fit in the context of the world economy? Dr. Coleman and distinguished guest participants will examine these and many other economic questions during the next two academic semesters on "The American Economy," a basic economics course on television designed for university undergraduates, graduate students in education and interested laymen.

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No previous economic training is required. The course will consist of five half-hour lessons per week for thirty-two weeks—a total of 160 lessons, or two semesters of college classes.

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NATIONWIDE COVERAGE. "The Amer. can Economy" will be broadcast on College of the Air over the largest number of television stations ever to carry a network college-credit course. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.

HOW TO ENROLL Consult the participating institution nearest you, or write to any institution offering the correspondence course (see list on facing page under Where to Enroll).

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Economy"— a two-semester course at the over 235 CBS and Educational Television academic year Sept. 1962 through May 1963

WHERE TO ENROLL for "The American Economy" Television Course

ALABAMA
*Judson College, Marion (U, NC)
Spring Hill College, Mobile (U)
Tuskegee Institute
ALASKA
University of Alaska, College (U)
ARIZONA
Arizona State College, Flagstaff (U)
Arizona State University, Tempe
Phoenix Evening College (U)
*University of Arizona, Tucson (U)
ARKANSAS
A. M. & N. College, Pine Bluff
Little Rock University
Southern State College, Magnolia (U)
CALIFORNIA
California State Polytechnic College, San Luis Obispo
Chapman College, Orange
*Chico State College (U)
*College of Notre Dame, Belmont (U, PG)
College of the Desert, Palm Desert (U)
*Fresno State College (G, PG)
Golden Gate College, San Francisco (U)
Hartnell College, Salinas (U)
Humboldt State College, Arcata
Long Beach State College (U)
*Los Angeles State College (U, G, PG)
Mills College, Oakland (U)
*Pepperdine College, Los Angeles (G, PG)
*Sacramento State College (U)
San Bernardino Valley College (U)
San Diego College for Women
San Diego State College
San Francisco State College (U)
Stanislaus State College, Turlock
*University of California, Berkeley (PG)
Westmont College, Santa Barbara (U)
*Yuba College, Marysville (U)
COLORADO
Colorado State College, Greeley (U, G)
Colorado State University, Fort Collins (NC)
Lamar Junior College
*University of Colorado, Boulder (U, G)
U.S. Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs
CONNECTICUT
Central Connecticut State College, New Britain (U, G, PG)
*Danbury State College (U, G)
Southern Connecticut State College, New Haven (U, G)
Trinity College, Hartford
University of Bridgeport (U, G, PG)
University of Hartford (G)
*Willimantic State College (U, G)
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
George Washington University (U)
FLORIDA
Dade County Junior College, Miami (U)
Gulf Coast Junior College, Panama City (U)
Junior College of Broward County, Fort Lauderdale (U, NC)
Manatee Junior College, Bradenton (U)
Stetson University, De Land (U)
*University of Florida, Gainesville (U, G)
University of Miami, Coral Gables
*University of South Florida, Tampa (U)
GEORGIA
Emory University, Atlanta (G, PG, NC)
*Savannah State College (U)
Tift College, Forsyth
University of Georgia, Athens
IDAHO
*Boise Junior College (U)
*Idaho State College, Pocatello (U, G, PG)
Northwest Nazarene College, Nampa (U)
University of Idaho, Moscow
ILLINOIS
Aurora College (U)
*Bradley University, Peoria (U, PG)
Chicago City Junior College (U, G, PG)
Chicago Teachers College North (U, G, PG)
Eureka College (U)
Illinois State Normal University, Normal (U)
Knox College, Galesburg (U)
*Mundelein College, Chicago (U)
*National College of Education, Evanston (G)
*Northern Illinois University, De Kalb (U, G)
*Park Forest College (U)
Roosevelt University, Chicago
University of Illinois, Chicago
University of Illinois, E. St. Louis
University of Illinois, Urbana
Wright Junior College, Chicago
INDIANA
Ball State Teachers College, Muncie (U)
Bethel College, Mishawaka (U)
Goshen College
*Indiana University, Bloomington (U)
Manchester College, North Manchester (U)
Purdue University, Lafayette
Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame (U)
IOWA
Briar Cliff College, Sioux City (U)
Clarke College, Dubuque (U)
Iowa State University, Ames
Loras College, Dubuque (U)
*Luther College, Decorah (U)
Mason City Junior College (U)
Morningside College, Sioux City
*State College of Iowa, Cedar Falls (U)
State University of Iowa, Iowa City (U, G)
Waldorf College, Forest City (U)
Westmar College, LeMars (U)
KANSAS
Bethany College, Lindsborg (U, NC)
Central College, McPherson (U)
Hutchinson Junior College
Marymount College, Salina (U)
McPherson College (U)
Mount Saint Scholastica College, Atchison (U)
Ottawa University
St. Benedict's College, Atchison (U)
St. Mary College, Xavier
*University of Wichita (U, NC)
Washburn University of Topeka (U, PG)
KENTUCKY
Kentucky Wesleyan College, Owensboro (U)
Nazareth College, Louisville
University of Kentucky, Lexington
University of Louisville
Western Kentucky State College, Bowling Green
LOUISIANA
Centenary College, Shreveport
*Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge (U, NC)
Northeast Louisiana State College, Monroe
*Southern University, Baton Rouge (U)
Xavier University, New Orleans (U, PG, NC)
MAINE
Bates College, Lewiston (U)
Bowdoin College, Brunswick (U)
Colby College, Waterville (U)
University of Maine, Orono
MARYLAND
*College of Notre Dame, Baltimore (U, G, PG, NC)
Loyola Evening College, Baltimore (G)
Morgan State College, Baltimore (U)
Mount Saint Agnes College, Baltimore
State Teachers College, Salisbury (U)
State Teachers College, Towson
Washington College, Chestertown
Western Maryland College, Westminster
MASSACHUSETTS
Assumption College, Worcester (U, G, PG)
Boston College, Chestnut Hill (NC)
College of Our Lady of the Elms, Chicopee
Eastern Nazarene College, Wollaston (U)
Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge
Northeastern University, Boston
University of Massachusetts, Amherst (U)
MICHIGAN
Detroit Institute of Technology (U, PG)
Eastern Michigan University, Ypsilanti (U)
Lansing Community College (U)
Marygrove College, Detroit (U)
*Michigan College of Mining and Technology, Houghton (U)
*Michigan State University, East Lansing (U)
*Michigan State University, —Oakland, Rochester (U)
Northern Michigan College, Marquette (U, NC)
University of Detroit
Wayne State University, Detroit (U, G, NC)
Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo
MINNESOTA
*College of Saint Teresa, Winona (U)
Hibbing Junior College (U)
Itasca Junior College, Coleraine (U)
*Mankato State College (U, G)
Moorhead State College (U, G, PG)
St. Cloud State College (U, G, PG)
University of Minnesota, Duluth
University of Minnesota, Minneapolis (U, G)
MISSISSIPPI
Blue Mountain College (U)
Jackson State College
Mississippi College, Clinton (U)
Rust College, Holly Springs (U)
*University of Mississippi, Oxford (U, NC)
MISSOURI
Drury College, Springfield (U)
Harris Teachers College, St. Louis (U)
Northeast Missouri State Teachers College, Kirksville (U)
Southwest Missouri State College, Springfield
University of Kansas City (U, G)
*University of Missouri, Columbia (U, G)
MONTANA
*College of Great Falls (U)
*Eastern Montana College of Education, Billings (U)
Montana State University, Missoula
Rocky Mountain College, Billings
NEBRASKA
Creighton University, Omaha (U)
*Nebraska State Teachers College, Chadron (U)
Nebraska State Teachers College, Kearney (U)
University of Omaha (U)
NEW HAMPSHIRE
*Keene Teachers College (U, G)
Mount Saint Mary College, Hooksett (U)
*University of New Hampshire, Durham (U)
NEW JERSEY
*Glassboro State College (G)
Montclair State College, Upper Montclair
*Newark State College, Union (U, G)
Upsala College, East Orange (U)
NEW MEXICO
New Mexico State University, University Park
University of New Mexico, Albuquerque (U)
NEW YORK
Canisius College, Buffalo
Colgate University, Hamilton (U)
*Dutchess Community College, Poughkeepsie (U)
Elmira College (U)
Harpur College, Binghamton (U)
The King's College, Briarcliff Manor (U, NC)
Maryknoll Teachers College (U)
New York University (G)
State University College, Buffalo
State University College, Geneseo
*State University College, Potsdam (U, G)
*University of Buffalo (U)
University of Rochester (U)
NORTH CAROLINA
East Carolina College, Greenville
Queens College, Charlotte
OHIO
College of Saint Mary of the Springs, Columbus (U, NC)
Dyke College, Cleveland (U)
John Carroll University, Cleveland
*Kent State University (U, G)
Miami-Jacobs Junior College, Dayton (U)
Miami University, Oxford (U, G)
Ohio State University, Columbus
*Ohio University, Athens (U)
Saint John College, Cleveland (U)
University of Akron
University of Cincinnati
University of Dayton (U)
Urbana College (U)
Ursuline College for Women, Cleveland (U)
Wilberforce University
*Wittenberg University, Springfield (U)
OKLAHOMA
Central State College, Edmond (U, G)
Oklahoma Baptist University, Shawnee (U)
Oklahoma City University (U)
Oklahoma College for Women, Chickasha (U, PG)
*Oklahoma State University, Stillwater (U, G, PG)
Phillips University, Enid (U)
University of Oklahoma, Norman (U)
University of Tulsa
OREGON
Maryhurst College (U)
*State System of Higher Education, Salem
The following institutions are participating: (U, NC)
Eastern Oregon College, La Grande
Oregon College of Education, Monmouth
Oregon State University, Corvallis
Portland State College
Southern Oregon College, Ashland
University of Oregon, Eugene
PENNSYLVANIA
Academy of the New Church College, Bryn Athyn (U)
*Albright College, Reading (U, G, PG)
Allegheny College, Meadville
Beaver College, Jenkintown
California State College (U)
Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh (U)
Clarion State College
Dickinson College, Carlisle (U)
Duquesne University, Pittsburgh (U, G)
East Stroudsberg State College (U)
Elizabethtown College (U)
Gannon College, Erie (U, PG)
King's College, Wilkes-Barre (U, NC)
Lehigh University, Bethlehem (G)
Lycoming College, Williamsport (U)
Mansfield State College
Marywood College, Scranton (U)
Millersville State College (U)
Pennsylvania Military College, Chester (U)
*Pennsylvania State University, University Park (U)
St. Vincent College, Latrobe
*Temple University, Philadelphia (U, G)
University of Pittsburgh (U)
Ursinus College, Collegeville
Villanova University (U)
West Chester State College (U)
*Wilkes College, Wilkes-Barre (U)
York Junior College (U)
RHODE ISLAND
*University of Rhode Island, Kingston (U)
SOUTH CAROLINA
Clemson College (U)
University of South Carolina, Columbia
SOUTH DAKOTA
Augustana College, Sioux Falls (U)
*Mount Marty College, Yankton (U)
*South Dakota State College, Brookings (U, G)
*Southern State Teachers College, Springfield (U)
*State University of South Dakota, Vermillion (U)
TENNESSEE
East Tennessee State College, Johnson City
George Peabody College, Nashville
Maryville College (U)
Memphis State University (U, G, PG, NC)
Middle Tennessee State College, Murfreesboro (U, G)
University of Chattanooga (U, G)
University of Tennessee, Knoxville
TEXAS
Huston-Tillotson College Austin (U, NC)
Incarnate Word College, San Antonio
Lee College, Baytown (U)
North Texas State University, Denton (U, G)
San Antonio College (U)
Texas Christian University, Fort Worth (U, G)
*Texas Technological College, Lubbock (U)
*University of Texas, Austin (U)
UTAH
*Brigham Young University, Provo, (G)
*University of Utah, Salt Lake City (U)
*Utah State University, Logan (U)
Weber College, Ogden (U)
VERMONT
*University of Vermont, Burlington (U)
VIRGINIA
Hampton Institute (NC)
Madison College, Harrisonburg (U, PG)
Norfolk College of William and Mary
Richmond Professional Institute (U, NC)
*University of Virginia, Charlottesville (U)
*Virginia State College, Petersburg (U)
WASHINGTON
Central Washington State College, Ellensburg (U)
Lower Columbia College, Longview
*University of Washington, Seattle (U)
*Western Washington State College, Bellingham (U, PG)
WEST VIRGINIA
Bethany College (U)
*Concord College, Athens (U)
Salem College
*West Virginia State College, Institute (U)
West Virginia University, Morgantown (G)
WISCONSIN
Dodge County Teachers College, Mayville (U)
Edgewood College of the Sacred Heart, Madison (U)
Holy Family College, Manitowoc (U)
Milwaukee Institute of Technology (U)
*Northland College, Ashland (U)
University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee (U)
Viterbo College, La Crosse
Wisconsin State College, River Falls
*Wisconsin State College, Stevens Point (U)
*Wisconsin State College, Whitewater (U)
WYOMING
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*Credit offered through correspondence or extension division

Key to type of credit offered: U—Undergraduate credit; G—Graduate credit; PG—Post Graduate credit; NC—Noncredit certificate

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Will it replace the foreign car?

● Status symbol or noisy nuisance...those jaunty little foreign jobs are almost invariably owned by people who get a bit of extra fun out of life. So it is, you'll find, with the Conn Organ. It's fun. It takes up very little parking space. You can make, not just *noise*, but mountains of real, live music with it. And the mileage is terrific. A lifetime!

Best of all, you can play the Conn right away—even if you can't read a note of music. If you know your alphabet from "A" to "G" you've got it licked. Conn's amazing new teaching method, "Instant Music," will have you playing any one of 39 well-known songs...in a matter of minutes.

And you'll be playing just the way a professional musician plays. Naturally. With true human expression. That's because the Conn is a professional-quality instrument that does not depend on pushbuttons, chord makers, gimmicks or gadgets.

The Conn Organ is created by C. G. Conn, Ltd., world's largest manufacturer of band instruments. It is a full, rich, versatile instrument... with musical effects of infinite variety.

The Conn Organ will never fail to delight you, from the moment you first see one in your dealer's showroom. There are seven beautifully-crafted models, with prices starting at $995. Your Conn dealer can arrange payments which are almost as easy as our "Instant Music" learning method! *For helpful free booklet, "How To Choose An Organ," plus free "Caprice Capers" LP record, just write to Dept. SR-1, Conn Organ Corporation, Elkhart, Indiana.*

CONN ORGAN

TRADE Winds

MANY CHANGES HAVE been wrought in the world of publishing, but one that has not received much attention is in the field of job-seeking. For example, a girl reported to me that she was surprised to find that her training and

background had failed to prepare her for the custom of the "cocktail interview."

No longer does a young woman submit her résumé sitting bolt upright on a chair in a cool, gray office. Nowadays she sits opposite the interviewer in a dark room at a tiny, round table with a red-checkered tablecloth. While the pianist plays some tune from "Camelot," the two thoughtfully sip their martinis. Since the interviewer cannot possibly read the résumé by the dim candlelight of the little place, he doesn't even ask for it. Instead, she tells me, he leans across the table and asks intimately, "How's your typing?"

After a few of these encounters, my informant learned to handle herself very well. For example, she soon knew enough to ask, not for "a martini," but for a *Beefeater* martini.

"This indicated that I would never settle for $100 a week, but that I had a well-paying $115 job in mind."

This girl is now director of promotion and publicity for a good small publishing house and owns a large collection of swizzle sticks.

HERE IS A CLIPPING that tells of a fellow in Dallas who is tired of people who walk up to him, pat his twin three-year-olds on their heads, and ask, "Are they twins?"

He has finally devised what he considers the perfect answer. "No, they're not," he replies. "I've got two wives."

FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR in a row, the Post Office Department and the Paper Stationery and Tablet Manufacturers Association have gotten together to proclaim National Letter Writing Week, October 7 to 13.

"The Association's interest is to sell more stationery," declares the announcement. "The Post Office Department's interest is to promote first-class mail." The slogan this year is: "Send Happiness With Letters."

Letter Writing Week has always been accompanied by lively ceremonies such as renaming Eighth Avenue, where the New York City Post Office is located, "Letter Writing Avenue." Or by statements such as "Every unwritten letter is a sin of omission" (from former NYC postmaster Albert Goldman). Or by hanging a painting entitled "Indian Summer Mail Call" in the GPO in Washington. Or by 34,000 U.S. postmasters' writing pen-pal notes in seventeen languages to postmasters around the world. In addition to statements from the Postmaster General and every local postmaster, proclamations are issued by almost every governor and hundreds of mayors.

You might conclude that the swift completion of these appointed promotion stunts would delay the delivery of the increased first-class mail they are meant to stimulate. But the Post Office has an answer; they call it NIMS. That's for Nationwide Improved Mail Service. The sincerity of this effort is indicated by the fact that NIMS doesn't spell anything. If they had called it Speedier Transport and Mail Patrols it would have been catchier.

In any case, from October 7 through

13, Letter Writing Week and NIMS are working hand in hand. On Monday, October 15, we shall see what happens.

JUST AS I WAS looking up NIMS in the dictionary, I was shown a message sent by Ethel Duley, Office Manager at Benton & Bowles, to a number of the firm's correspondents in which she politely requested them to revise their mailing lists and to stop writing to people who don't work there any more.

"Each day," she revealed, "our company receives twenty-five pounds of mail addressed to persons no longer in our employ—some of them gone as long as eighteen years!"

If more than five pounds of that is for either Benton or Bowles, I suggest the agency do NIMS a favor and change its name.

SCREAMS OF DISMAY greeted Irving Wallace's "The Prize" when it hit Sweden. The novel was seen as an at-

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tack on the Nobel Foundation. Reviewers said it was scandalous, that Wallace had "done everything in his power to drag the Prize and the prize-winners down in the mud." In Norway they called for a law suit to suppress the book. Moreover, Wallace wrote an "open letter" to Stockholm which helped to keep the pot boiling.

Then Nils Stahle, director of the Nobel Foundation, said he didn't think the book "unfriendly" at all. But he added, "At least for an older reader it is both tiring and unnecessary for the author to have spiced the meal with so many bedroom scenes."

SHARPS AND FLATS: The Akron police department is establishing a canine corps and looking for likely recruits. Deputy Chief Burk says a woman telephoned and offered her dog for the corps. "I'm sure he'll do a good job," she explained. "He's already bitten three children."

►Harriet Stolorow reports that, after the dragon finished eating Sir Lancelot, he said, "Tender is the knight."

►I still think the funniest remark I ever heard on television was made by actress Viveca Lindfors on a panel show seriously discussing marriage and divorce. Artie Shaw was also a guest, and she innocently argued with him, "I don't know about you, Mr. Shaw, but I've been married before and. . . ."

►Phil Kelleher just came back from Calcutta where he saw a Buddhist monk reading "Our Man in Nirvana."

►Roland Woodland says a kangaroo went to his psychiatrist and complained, "I'm not feeling jumpy."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1485)

COSTAIN:
THE LAST PLANTAGENETS

Richard invented the handkerchief, certainly a most useful article in a climate so conducive to colds in the head. If it had been called simply a richard, he would have been much surer of his place in human remembrance than by grace of his part in history.

HORIZON

A MAGAZINE WHOSE FIELD IS THE WHOLE OF CULTURE—PAST AND PRESENT

Now why on earth would Othello do a thing like that?

Why murder a nice wife like Desdemona? An innocent reader of Dr. Bowdler's celebrated laundering of Shakespeare might well ponder the murder motive, so mercilessly did the dear doctor hack away at "suggestive" passages. You'll be surprised at how much more suggestive some of his lines sound than the Bard's when you read *The Man Who Cleaned Up Shakespeare*, in the September issue of HORIZON.

Tidy Dr. Bowdler, exposed, is one of a score of out-of-the-ordinary articles and handsome picture portfolios in this latest HORIZON. There's Walter Kerr's witty attack on the Theatre of the Absurd; a look at some newly discovered 9,000-year-old murals; a portfolio of remarkable photographs from China; a word-and-picture portrait of "the architect's architect," Louis Kahn; a history of the Moors in Spain; superior reproductions of Sidney Nolan's paintings; Gilbert Highet on gossip as history; a provocative view of today's non-teaching professors. And more.

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HORIZON is different. A product of the American Heritage Publishing Company, it has hard covers, no advertising at all, appears six times a year, and is made to last, inside and out, like a fine book. It is strikingly beautiful, thoroughly adult—aimed at the mind as well as the eye of anyone who has enough interest in cultural matters to enjoy exploring them with well-versed companions.

It is rich, not gaudy (120 big, superbly printed pages, a third in color); and perhaps this is the time and place for you to try it. To that end, the price of a try is reduced substantally, via the coupon below. There is reason to hurry, if you're to start with the September HORIZON. But there is little risk. We are amiable about cancellations, because we receive so few. Scissors?

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HORIZON—A MAGAZINE TO ENGAGE THE MIND AND DELIGHT THE EYE

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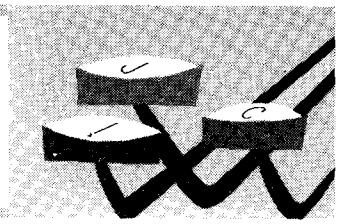
Manner of Speaking



RELIGION AND CITIZENSHIP: I have formed the habit of tossing collections of newspaper clippings into a file for later browsing and second thinking, and so it is that I find myself poring over reports on the Supreme Court's school-prayer decision and on clerical reactions to it. I shall not pretend to disinterest, for certainly the first and the central question to arise from the court's decision and from the clerical response to it involves the right of the nonbeliever to full citizenship, and on that issue I have all of my own confused world to defend.

The Supreme Court has taken the position that it is unconstitutional for an agency of the government to coerce religious expression, and it has held that for a public school to require the reading of a prayer as part of its standard procedure constitutes such coercion even when dissenting pupils are permitted to abstain from the reading.

Churchmen, by and large, have cried out against this decision. A scattering of Protestant ministers and relatively more rabbis have supported it, but what I take to be the essential position of most clergymen was baldly stated by *The Advocate,* a Catholic publication in New Jersey:

> In the majority opinion there is the vote that by denying the use of this prayer in the schools of New York, the court is upholding what it claims to be a traditional wall of separation of Church and State. More truly could it be said that it is erecting a wall of separation of God and State. The impact of this decision can have lasting effects on the minds and hearts of every child attending a public school in the United States of America.

That the effect of such a decision will be far-reaching seems certain, but that the results will be bad, as *The Advocate*'s editorialist implies, is a conclusion I must oppose, and without intending any attack upon religion. A man's religion is his own business; his own, and that of any clergy whose guidance and discipline he voluntarily accepts. If he is given to prayer, there is nothing to keep him from praying silently at any time. Nor can I recall having read any churchman to the effect that God cannot hear a silent prayer as readily as one spoken aloud. It is, rather, an essence of every modern religion I know anything about that God need not be shouted at, and that the quiet heart may reach Him as readily as any.

But it is not religion I mean to argue. Reason may hope to speak to reason on many topics, but I have seldom found religion to be one of them. For years I had to forbid my freshman English students to take religion as the topic of their weekly themes. It was my duty, as part of a hoped-for conversation in reason, to demand of them intelligent generalizations (sometimes called topic sentences) and to demand that those generalizations be supported by orderly, thoughtful, and coherent evidence or deduction, or both. But what happens when the instructor must criticize the reasoning process, only to have the student cry, "That's my religion!"? All hope of communication ends right there. Sooner or later the instructor learns to insist that his students avoid any topic that makes dispassionate comment unacceptable. What the instructor so learns, the instructor-turned-columnist is not likely to forget.

THE ISSUE, I repeat, is not religion but my right to make up my own mind —and to let my children make up theirs —on such matters as God, prayer, and the intent, if any, of the Universe. It is the right to reach a personal decision with no least trace of coercion from any branch of government. And it is the right to unimpaired citizenship no matter what final view one comes up with.

It would not be honest to pretend that I have not reached what I take to be a reasonably firm and final view. I do not pray, and I am not aware that a belief in supernatural forces motivates anything I do. I am not moved to be militant about my view. Our local Presbyterian Church has a good choir, my daughter likes to sing, and my wife happens to feel more comfortable when she can edge the kids to Sunday School. The kids seem to enjoy Sunday School there, and there they go. As far as I am concerned, they may stop going whenever they please, or they are free to stay with it all the way through ordination if that is the road they find for themselves. When they ask about my own views, I try to give them as fair an answer as I can form, but never a directive one. I mean to coerce no man's view of the universe, and certainly not theirs.

If I did not believe my secularism to be as valid as any man's religion, I should, of course, change my view. Why take a second-class seat to mortality? I hold to the best I can see. And I may be wrong. But my tolerance ends at the point at which any man dares to rise to me in my error—if error is what it is—to say that I am required as a citizen to believe, and publically to avow, that the United States exists, as the Eisenhower pledge of allegiance would have it, "under God."

I DO NOT so believe, nor will I accept such a belief as a condition of my citizenship. Yet, by insisting on the federal rightness of their own point of view, the sponsors of this religious insertion into a civil declaration have made it impossible for me to be quiet in my own conscience in pretending to pledge allegiance to the flag. For even if I omit the words "under God," I still seem to be endorsing them, and I will not permit such seeming. If there must be such an interpolation, let me suggest substituting for it the words "in this Universe." I am confident that the nation does exist somewhere in the Universe. I can say that much in good conscience. At the same time, any man who believes the Universe to be God-suffused, can read into this substitution his own affirmation of belief, and so, in good democratic principle, may we both be served.

The Advocate's editorialist argued that the Court's decision erected a wall between God and State. I, for one, insist upon that wall, for in practice God and State cannot be distinguished from Church and State. If it is entered as a public premise that God will speak to the State, it will certainly be the churchmen who will rise to say the words for Him, and forgive me for suspecting that *The Advocate*'s editorialist would be among the first volunteers.

I will insist with the minority of the clergy that the Court's decision is fundamental to the idea of the American democracy. It takes religion away from no man and forces it upon none. It declares again that though a man is free to worship as he sees fit, or not to worship at all, his citizenship is secular and in no way dependent upon his affirmation of religious belief, or upon his refusal to make such an affirmation. For what point can there be in defending the right of the individual conscience, if the individual is not free, in conscience, to come to the less popular conclusion as well as to the more popular one? —JOHN CIARDI.

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Europe looks outwards

This is Europa at the foot of the Albert Memorial (1872), staring out at the strange world of nine decades later. In August THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT published an important number on the vast extension overseas of the English language and its literature which this century has seen. The issue dated September 21 fills out the picture with a further special number dealing both with the part played by other world languages, such as French and Spanish, and with the wider question of Europe's cultural influence in the world. The Commonwealth? Europe? Politically these may at the moment be rival conceptions, but so far as literature and ideas are concerned both are parts of a larger whole.

A dozen problems spring to mind. Is there a revival of Portuguese writing in BRAZIL to match the extraordinary achievements of modern Brazilian architecture? What is the relationship between Spanish literature and the countries of LATIN AMERICA? Can the French literary tradition survive in NORTH AFRICA and the MIDDLE EAST; and what is happening to French-language writing in CANADA, and to French negro writing in BLACK AFRICA and MADAGASCAR? How persistent is the European tradition in ISRAEL? What kind of picture of European literature is available in CHINA? What is the impact of European culture in AUSTRALIA today? Are European influences on the novel in the UNITED STATES as strong now as they were in the time of Melville and James; and is American English the *lingua franca* of the mid-twentieth century?

These are some of the questions which are analysed—and in some degree answered—in *'Europe Looks Outwards'*, a special number of

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Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 22, 1962

IS A NEW LITERATURE POSSIBLE?

By STEPHEN SPENDER, *English poet and critic, and, since 1953, co-editor of the magazine Encounter.*

LITERATURE is easily one of the most limited of the arts. It is limited because it has as its material words, which have meaning apart from their use in literature. And this meaning—even if stretched—must be maintained within a literary work. In painting and music, the cards with which the game is played can be replaced by a new pack. In literature, the pack can only be reshuffled.

It follows that literature can never become new in the way the other arts can. For if the literary artist could revolutionize his medium for the purposes of his art as a painter or sculptor can his material, or even a composer the instruments for which he writes, then literature would become not merely divorced from "life," but from language.

There have, of course, been attempts to invent a special literary language of images, symbols, or sounds separated as far as possible within a literary work from outside associations and from prose meanings. In the nineteenth century, for example, there were the Symbolists, led by Mallarmé, and, more recently, the movement known as the Imagists.

Imagist poets such as H.D. attempted (perhaps without fully realizing they were doing so) to write an unanalyzable kind of poetry, close to painting, by concentrating on the creation of an image rather than a statement. They advocated a kind of poetry which could not be completely paraphrased, the kernel of which was an unanalyzable word-picture. They wanted to release poetry from the burden of past conventions and traditional ways of thinking by reproducing the image which springs naked into the mind from the impact of some aspect of modern life. Yet, ironically, their influence developed critical consciousness far more than it did poetical creativeness. Every poet-critic produced ten critic-poets.

Moreover, the most intelligent of the Imagists soon realized that a poetic medium which was entirely special would cease to have meaning. An art made from such a medium would be calligraphic or onomatopoetic, approaching painting or music. Attempts, like those by the Dadaists and Kurt Schwitters, to produce a poetry of typography or of sounds, totally devoid of prose meanings, point up the fact that such attempts could only succeed if they produced a completely new art, which of course would not be literature.

Thus a "revolution of the word," in the sense of the words changing completely their meaning and becoming something else, is one kind of revolution that is impossible. It may be theoretically possible to discover an entirely new form in which a poem might be written, but form is only one aspect of a poem, and its being unprecedented would only make a superficial break with the unavoidable continuities of grammar and usage.

But the fact that language of its own nature repudiates a complete break between past and present leads to the opposite and, as it were, complementary error to that of those who think a literary work should be new in the way painting, sculpture, and music can be. This is the error of those who think that modern creativity must be tied down to the values of certain established masterpieces. The exponents of the Great Tradition and like theories argue that modern conditions are unprecedented (by which they mean in the line of no continuous tradition); therefore, work of value cannot be created from these conditions. The only hope—the argument runs—is for writers to study the works of the Great Tradition, works which were written in a time when literature was the crystallization of the organic life of the community.

If this attitude is applied not just to modern conditions, but to the language and idiom which arises from them, it follows that writers should confine themselves to writing within the context of the literary language hallowed

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by tradition and avoid the language which has been corrupted by unprecedented modern circumstances. Yet, for a writer at any given moment in history, the potential material of his art is the whole of the language surrounding him in his circumstances.

In effect, both views—that writing can be entirely new and that it must be attached to the values of selected critically interpreted reading matter—limit creativeness within the development of language, the first by separating the modern from the past, the second by separating the past from the modern. Language, the material of literature, is neither completely new nor completely traditional. It is always evolving and cumulative.

What can be done within the literary medium once this fact is recognized is illustrated by the work of James Joyce. He is often confused with "experimentalists" like the Dadaists, the Surrealists, and Gertrude Stein, but his aims were as different as possible from theirs, and the difficulties his work offers are of an entirely different kind. The difference between Joyce and, for example, Gertrude Stein—with whom he particularly hated to have his work associated—can be summed up by saying that her tendency was to produce a nonlanguage, his to produce a true literary language, extremely difficult because packed with meanings the clues to which are almost inaccessible.

Joyce attempted, in "Finnegans Wake," to invent a language in which several themes can be combined in the chords of portmanteau words formed from other words in several tongues with meanings fused on several levels. The ideal reader of "Finnegans Wake" (a figure Joyce had constantly in mind) should be equipped with a knowledge of all the referents—languages, places, history, autobiography—to which the work alludes. Given all this, he would find "Finnegans Wake" by no means impenetrable. It would appear to him a complex, difficult, translucent, but paraphraseable work, as susceptible of extensive elucidation as "The Divine Comedy."

Joyce will continue to challenge critics, not because he invented an opaque new language, but because he combined the available resources of several languages and of immense learning with idiosyncrasies of special information into a whole which, though ultimately transparent, is almost impossible to fathom at first. The difficulties Joyce's writings present are of immense complexities of meaning, whereas those of Gertrude Stein's work are of brutish simplicities of meaninglessness.

Sometimes the international language of "Finnegans Wake" is thought of as foreshadowing the tongue of the world literature which Goethe prophesied. But it seems unlikely that the populations of Common Market Europe will write in the language of "Finnegans Wake." What is, however, a rather common assumption today (deriving from generalizations made by critics which go unchallenged) is that Joyce, as well as Eliot and Pound, and even Hopkins, created an "idiomatic" literature. It is usually not considered quite what this assumption means. True, these writers are not "literary" in the manner of Swinburne, Patmore, and Wilde. The latter group cultivated exquisite styles which were sensitive to their public school and university education but unrelated to the way in which contemporaries talk in pubs, discuss ideas in philosophical debates, or put forward theories in laboratories. What the moderns undoubtedly did was to draw upon the rhythms, the color of language used by those less catastrophically well educated than themselves, and who would find the Edwardian literary idiom quite inadequate to discuss the hard realities with which they had to deal.

YET I question whether the absorption into modern poetry of a good deal of the idiom of the street and of scientific and philosophic discussion makes modern poetry, in the completest sense, idiomatic. It seems to me that the idiomatic is a style of language in which it should, ideally, be possible to conduct a dialogue with the people from whom the idiom is borrowed. It should be recognizable by those from whom it is derived as being about them, and not seem to be merely their involuntary contribution to a monologue which does not concern them. I doubt whether the ploughman or blacksmith coming from that part of Wales would recognize himself in Hopkins's poems. Nor do I think that Lil whose husband got demobbed would recognize her locutions in "The Waste Land."

The distinction I am trying to make will be clear if I add that I think that, ideally, a character in a poem by William Barnes, or Thomas Hardy, or Edward Thomas, or Wilfred Owen, or in a novel by D. H. Lawrence, would recognize his idiom of thought, talk, and being in the writing of any of these writers.

What the moderns did was to invent new *literary* idioms brought up to date by the intelligent awareness of writers like Joyce, Eliot, and Pound of the nuances of contemporary idiomatic speech. They absorbed and selected idioms, parodying them, turning them to ironic effect. They were writing not so much for those who belonged to the modern world as for those who, hating it, knew about it and could think in its terms. In the work of these writers there was an increased sophistication of language reflecting a consciousness of the way in which contemporaries think and feel. This was an immense gain, but it did not have the result of bringing modern literature closer to the people who used the idioms, nor even to those who discussed science or philosophy. In the Thirties, when there was an especially serious attempt to bring poetry close to the ordinary people, writers succeeded in writing about the people—but not in a language the people would understand.

What the idiomatic writing of Eliot and Pound did was to break through the crust of poeticisms which enclosed the Edwardians and Georgians. It enabled poets to write about modern ideas in a language open to contemporary sights, sound, phrases, and habits of thought.

Probably the aim of this idiom was that which Eliot described as the achievement of Dryden who, he writes, "for the first time established a *normal* English speech valid for both verse and prose, and imposing its laws which greater poetry than Dryden's might violate, but which no poetry since has overthrown."

But the moderns—as distinct from the Wellses and Bennetts and Shaws, who were contemporary without being modern—were writing for trained readers, poets writing for critic-poets. They transformed the literary medium into one which could discuss the kind of ideas Tennyson had already grappled with in "Locksley Hall" and "In Memoriam" in an idiom which, inside the club of writers and readers, was ironically responsive to the nonliterary language spoken outside. When Auden started to write in the late Twenties, he had at his disposal a language that could discuss current ideas without having to translate them into a poetry where they became as awkward and incomprehensive as the gestures of the deaf conversing with the dumb.

Nevertheless the language of modern poetry still remains to a great extent that of a literary elite. The mandarins have absorbed into their converse highly intelligent, witty—and sometimes even appreciative—echoes of and references to the world that goes on outside, but fundamentally they are agreed in being opposed to the aims of this world even when they feel a bit humiliated by the unparalleled penetration and flight of its scientific thought and philosophic reasoning. They are secretly intrigued by the idea that they might in their own medium produce works as difficult, in-

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ventive, and intellectual as scientific theories.

The invention of the "interior monologue" by Joyce, the time theories of Proust, the "continual present" of Gertrude Stein have all been defended on the ground that they are inventions in literature corresponding to the theories of modern scientists. Yet, in English, "Finnegans Wake" is perhaps the only work which suggests a true parallel to science. Like some theory put forward by a physicist and as yet incomprehensible to other physicists, it postulates an ideal and a perhaps as yet unborn interpreter who will be able to receive the message. It regards "communication" not as continuous intercourse between a great many similarly attuned minds, but as the potentiality of an extremely abstruse truth which one mind has objectified in a statement to be comprehended in ideal circumstances by an advanced specialist.

The Joycean obscurity is the result of the writer's creating his work as specialization. The formula is only communicable to the ideal reader who has devoted his whole life to understanding it, and yet it is about the world which concerns all men, and it may, in its results, shake the world. This means that the language, however much it may exploit the current idiom, does so in an esoteric way intelligible only to the most devoted readers. If "school of Joyce" writers were the only poets and novelists, within 100 years there would be a special literary language for the elite, quite removed from idiomatic speech.

IN one respect the machinery of dream and metaphor of "Finnegans Wake" comes close to modern painting. For the central mythology of some of the best modern painting derives from the concept of metamorphosis. And in "Finnegans Wake" there is constant metamorphosis: the waker changes into the sleeper who in his dreams becomes one with the landscape and with not only his own but all history.

In modern painting the idea of metamorphosis dominated the Surrealists in the work of Max Ernst, Salvador Dali, and André Masson (in the phase of his Surrealist drawings "Mythologies"). The most beautiful of Picasso's series of etchings is the illustrations for Ovid's "Metamorphoses." And the theme of metamorphosis runs through Picasso's work from 1930 onward. What is most enduring about surrealism—a movement so riddled with charlatans and amateurs—is the idea of a collective, modern, subconscious, dreaming mind, whose changing fantasies grotesquely transform the appearances of actual living. "Surrealist" became an accepted

"Pretty soon, Peter Pan, you'll be shaving."

epithet because it seemed to explain the phenomenon in which the most irrational and extravagant inner dreaming becomes realized in outer history: the blitz provided a plethora of examples of the dreams that had been projected on canvases and in poems by the Surrealists in the Twenties and Thirties having become the disintegrating environment of the Forties.

We still look at Surrealist painting. But I doubt whether anyone today reads Surrealist poetry, and the attempt in "Finnegans Wake" to use language as a medium whose nature in itself is perpetually being transformed is that which, even more than the difficulty of the language itself, makes sustained reading of Joyce's book so difficult—perhaps impossible. Painting is the art best adapted to the mythologies of metamorphosis, largely because it is an art whose own nature can undergo the most fundamental transformations in sympathy with, on the one hand, the dreams and the historic condition of modern man and with, on the other, advanced techniques of representation.

Language can describe, define, explain, represent change, but only in words which themselves cannot be metamorphosized. The endeavor to invent a metamorphosizing language, as in some modern poetry, presses at a barrier beyond which words might shed their meanings and become *things*. As I have said, in the present century the Imagist poets tried to write a kind of poetry which made a complete break with the past. They had the aim which Herbert Read attributes to modern visual artists: "a unity of intention that completely distinguishes it . . . from earlier periods." But it became evident that a completely new poem would consist only of a pattern on the page, unrelated to meaning outside itself.

Thus the development of modern poetry has been for poets to turn away from the invention of poems as visual objects to an interest in the extension of poetic meaning in traditional forms and language. The shift of aim can be shown by comparing, say, Eliot's "Preludes" with "Four Quartets." In "Preludes" the tendency is for a situation, though related to modern life, to be isolated within a poem and have a meaning as an impression or image concentrated in the poetry itself. In "Four Quartets," meanings borrowed from theology, philosophy, and literature flow into the poetry from outside, threatening at times to dissolve it in ratiocination. A way of putting the difference might be to say that the tendency of "Preludes" is to produce a concentrated essence of poetry in which the unpoetic elements of prose experience and ideas have been eliminated; the tendency of "Four Quartets" is to attack surrounding ideas and experiences by using the poetic concentration as a solvent which can purify and test them. But perhaps the second attempt would not be possible unless the elements of pure poetry had first been isolated.

THIS brings up the matter of tradition as it relates to the arts, especially to literature and painting. The question most often asked today about a considerable poem or novel is: "Is it in the line of the tradition?" The question that should be asked about a painting is: "Is it, although entirely different, analogous with some past work which we admire?"

It would be to praise a visual artist to say that he had a power of observation, a sense of harmony, a transforming imagination, similar to that of a great master. But if we say "he is in the tradition of," we are in danger of applying to painting our way of thinking about literature. The idea, supported by Ruskin, that the pre-Raphaelites went back to a tradition of which the master was Giotto, today seems only

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comprehensible in the context of the nineteenth century.

Epstein, standing before one of the great African sculptures he had collected, is reported to have said: "We shouldn't in any way wish to imitate this. What we want is to make something which, in relation to our own time, is as strong." It is difficult to think of a poet claiming that he could establish a relationship traditional by analogy with Negro tribal poetry. The thought would at once suggest to him the lack of any connecting line between African languages and English. (A reader may object that there is the influence of tribal Africa in "Sweeney Agonistes," "Gold Coast Customs," and "A Handful of Dust." But in all of these the African influence is not by way of literature but of sculpture and jazz.)

Literary influences are communicated like sap that reaches from the soil up through the trunk and branches of a tree into the leaves. Visual influences flash their messages directly across spaces and centuries dividing different cultures. A contemporary interpretation like that suggested by Epstein's remark can make all visual art of the past available to the living artist. And the values of the visual arts—where these consist of proportions, harmonies, and combinations which the critic discovers in works of all periods and cultures—are universal in a way in which those of literature can scarcely be generalized.

Epstein's remark is justified, though a little dangerous because "to be as strong as this, in relation to our own time," sets up an ideal of strength which can only be indirectly realized in a society by no means primitive. What is needed is audacious tact of interpretation. It is exactly this which is the greatest achievement of modern art. It distinguishes Picasso's "Les Desmoiselles d'Avignon" and some of the sculpture of Henry Moore from the archaism of the pre-Raphaelites' return to models of earlier and healthier times. Picasso exploits the primitive to produce effects which are entirely modern. He evokes the "strength" of the negroid against a civilization which has the "strength" of machinery, and in doing so indicates that in some way industrial civilization has returned to the crudely primitive.

Language barriers have not collapsed between the literatures of different modern countries. We are today no nearer the world literature foreseen by Goethe than he was in his day. In some ways we are further from it. But we live today in the midst of world painting, with the advantages and the disadvantages for visual art that the almost uncontrollable intercommunication of artistic influences between contemporary cultures entails.

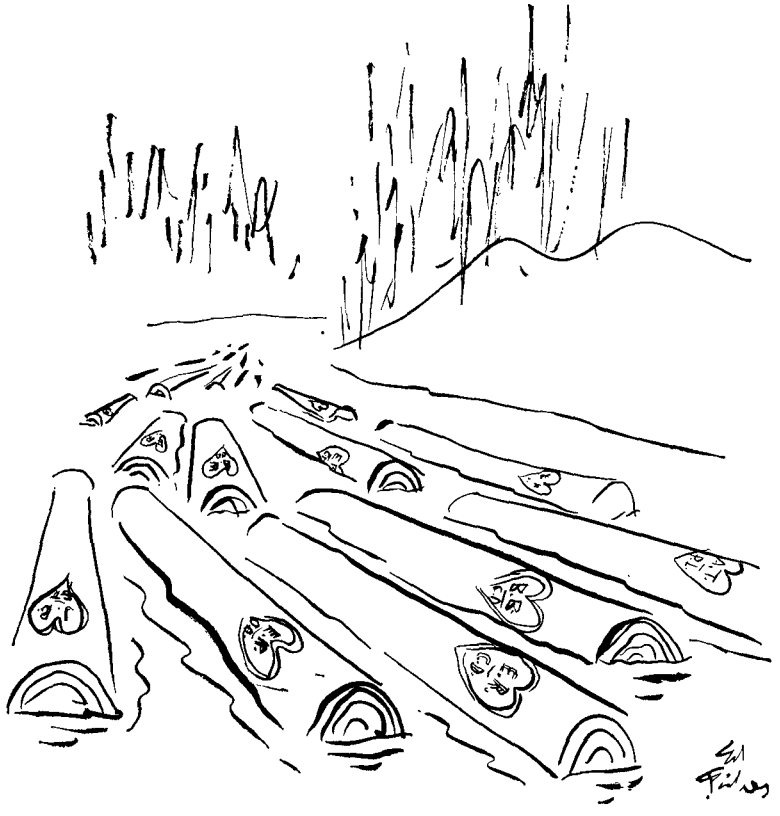
When modern literature was closest to painting, Joyce, Pound, Eliot, and Wyndham Lewis had an attitude toward tradition which was that of the visual artists. The reaction against the extremes of futurism was concomitant with the splitting up of the international all-the-arts movement into its components. The writers turned back to tradition because they turned back to language which cannot—as can the media and symbols of painting—reinvent its own terms.

PAINTING is, then, the modern art par excellence, with all the advantages and the appalling risks of its extremist role. Painters are freer even than composers (who are limited, unless they write *musique concrète*, by being dependent on interpreters who have received academic training). The composer has to consider the orchestra and the box office. The painter is free to use whatever materials he can afford. He is backed by dealers selling to conoisseurs who often require above all else that new painting be experimental. They have learned that in the visual arts the experiments of the early part of this century have proved the most lasting modern works.

It is painting, too, rather than music or literature, that as Wyndham Lewis pointed out in "The Demon of Progress in the Arts," is most exposed to the dangers of extremism. An obvious example lies in the undermining not just of academic standards but of traditions of training in art. Painters of the early part of the present century used techniques they had acquired from an academic training in order to destroy the standards and abandon techniques of the academies. Picasso, Braque, Matisse, and artists of that generation show in their distortions of anatomy a release from the standards of their training. But their inexactitude has the exactitude they had learned in the academies.

But since these masters appeared to be throwing away or rebelling against an academic training, art teaching has itself been discredited. Few young artists bother about learning techniques which they will then throw away. The freedom of those who rebelled against an imposed discipline has been succeeded very often by the freedom of those without discipline. The area of modern painting has now become one of total freedom; and it is in consequence an area which receives into it amateurs and the self-taught on the same terms as professional artists.

It seems to me possible that just as, in the early phase of the modern movement, poetry turned to painting in order, through concentration on the creation of a pure image, to release itself from conventions, so painting may have to turn to literature to rediscover standards.



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In Defense of the Genuine Liberal

SEVERAL weeks ago in this space ("In Defense of the Genuine Conservative"), we called attention to the attempt of various noisy haters and spoilers to appropriate the conservative label for their own extremist purposes. Some readers have pointed out that a defense of the genuine liberal is equally essential. We agree.

The genuine liberal has had an even longer and more arduous problem with his label than has the conservative. In fact, one of the historical difficulties with liberalism is that the word has been seized and exploited by individuals, groups, and even political parties with diametrically opposed policies. In national politics, for example, we can't think of a single Presidential campaign in recent history when each side did not seek popular support by claiming to be the most liberal on key issues. Historically, the word has been invested with political magic.

In recent years, however, there has been an effort in some quarters to use the term liberal as a nasty word. Many of the same extremists who are trying to arrogate the conservative label to themselves have also been trying to make liberalism sound like an evil and alien doctrine with profound subversive implications. They equate liberalism with partiality toward the Soviet Union and with an emphasis on peace at the expense of freedom.

Paradoxically, the liberal is also under attack from the very forces he is accused of advancing. The affiliated, extreme Left has always regarded the liberal as the prime enemy. Marxist-Leninist strategy believes that the extreme Right Wing has an important role to play in the sharp division of a country between extremes of Right and Left. In this analysis, a class struggle must be fought by the extremes.

Liberalism muddies the waters, according to the Marxist-Leninist thesis. It is most often associated with a strong middle class, and a strong middle class does not fit into a Marxist revolutionary pattern. Moreover, the liberal tries to convince people that necessary social and political change is possible without extreme measures. This is anathema to the Communist. He regards such talk as naïve and dangerous. It is dangerous because people will not be attracted to his banner if they can get what they need without violent upheaval. In dealing with liberalism, therefore, communism has pursued alternate strategies. It has tried to gain control of liberal causes, steering them into channels useful to its own purposes. Failing this, it has attempted to wreck the liberal organizations associated with such causes.

In the 1930s, this rule-or-ruin strategy had a certain measure of success, especially in popular-front organizations. Since that time, the genuine liberal has been increasingly aware both of the technique and its danger and has been developing the means for coping with it. The genuine liberal holds fast to his convictions about the need for constant improvement of his society, but he sees communism as a block and not as an approach toward that improvement. More particularly, he recognizes the American Communist party not as an independent political movement but as the extended foreign policy arm of the Soviet Union.

What does a genuine liberal believe? In the context of today's world, he see. no contradiction between believing in freedom and believing in peace. For he believes neither in surrender nor suicide. He believes that the policies that are committed to the cause of a durable and enforceable peace also best serve the cause of freedom. Nuclear war may not destroy all life on earth, but it will certainly destroy the prime conditions for meaningful life. Peace without freedom is unthinkable; freedom without peace is impossible. Hence the genuine liberal never separates the two. He puts the making of enforceable peace at the top of the human agenda for our generation.

Ideologically, the genuine liberal is familiar with Marx and Engels, as he is with all the principal ideas about human organization. But his ideological and historical kinship is not with Marx but with men like Mill, Milton, Jefferson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and William James. He believes in the perfectibility of man. He sets no limits to the possibilities of betterment of the human condition because he sets no limits to the potentialities of the human mind. He does not blind himself to the existence of evil, but he never loses faith in the essential goodness of man. He is concerned with those conditions and circumstances that can control the evil and provide the fullest outlet for the good. He sees a pluralistic free society as offering the best arena for meeting the problems, basic or contrived, that spew out of the fact of life itself.

IN manner, the genuine liberal is disposed to accept the good faith of all those who disagree with him. He sees no weakness in admitting that he may be wrong. He is passionate but not punitive about his position. His purpose is not to lacerate an opponent but to locate the facts and put them to work. He is not a name-caller. If he disagrees with someone to the right of him, he doesn't shout "Fascist." If he disagrees with someone to the left of him, he doesn't shout "Communist." He has no conditioned reflexes about slogans or labels. Each situation has its own nature and its own requirements.

Genuine liberalism is under severe attack, but it is not in retreat. Since it holds to the idea that a human being is a sovereign cause and that the nation exists for the purpose of serving this cause, liberalism cannot expect this concept to be universally accepted or celebrated. Until this happens, the pursuit will not be without pain—or excitement. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CONSERVATIVES AND LIBERALS

I HAVE READ with interest your editorial entitled "In Defense of the Genuine Conservative" [*SR*, Sept. 1]. In fact, I was so much impressed that I presume to suggest that you publish a comparable statement in support of the true liberal. The liberal viewpoint is, I believe, also in danger of "acute contamination through unsavory association."

WILLIAM B. HARRELL.

Chicago, Ill.

N. C.'s EDITORIAL is an illustration of his mind and character, and I, as a conservative, deeply appreciate it.

Both liberal and conservative ideas, I have observed myself, are needed for a healthy society, just as such are necessary for the health of any human being. Living organisms, governments as well as individuals, need a balance between enthusiasm and reason, vigorous activity versus wise contemplation, innovation versus prudent consideration of the teachings of history and tradition, impatience versus patience, creative boldness versus wisdom, new law versus proved law, passion versus common sense.

Both extreme liberalism and extreme conservatism meet exactly on the same terrible ground of oppression, rigidity, and death, for essentially they are the same thing. There is a fine balance in human events just as there is in nature, and we overthrow that balance to our destruction, from which we shall never recover. God preserve us from both.

TAYLOR CALDWELL.

Buffalo, N.Y.

SINCE YOU ALLUDED to the late Senator Taft as a true conservative, I am enclosing his last words, so to speak, to the American people. These were read by his son on May 26, 1953, since Senator Taft was dying of cancer in the hospital. The Senator's final advice was this: "The imperatives for an audit of our foreign affairs are beyond question. We cannot balance the budget, reduce taxes, check creeping socialism or purge subversives from our State Department unless we come to grips with our foreign policy upon which all other policies depend."

J. E. VAN VALKENBURG.

Baton Rouge, La.

YOUNG AT HEART

No, I AM NOT writing to tell you that Will Rogers was born in Oolagah, near Claremore. . . .

I am writing to take exception to Arthur Knight's review of "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm" [*SR*, Aug. 25]: ". . . impressive to the very young, . . . too distressing to their elders"; ". . . a beginning, little more."

Last week I was at a screening of "Wonderful World." The average age of the audience was perhaps thirty, the average education at least three years of college. Without exception, this young at heart audience was very much impressed with the movie. The words were few, but the smiles were smiles of pure joy.

WALTER W. JONES.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

"It works!"

THE ISSUE SEIZED

KATHERINE MARSHALL, president, Voice of Women, USA, said on the letters page [*SR*, August 4], "No national women's club, sorority, or auxiliary has seized the issue of survival around which to rally the women of this and other countries." I can't believe that Mrs. Marshall has not heard of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; however a capsule history might help her recall that WILPF was founded back in 1915 during World War 1, when 2,000 women from this and other countries—several were engaged in national hostilities against each other—met at the Hague, at great personal risk, to discuss means of bringing about cessation of the war and the abolition of armaments in the future.

Their proposals were presented to President Wilson by Jane Addams, who had been elected president of WILPF and who was later awarded the Noble Peace Prize. The President was impressed sufficiently enough to include in his Fourteen Points several of the ideas to come out of the Hague Congress.

Rallying women around causes such as child labor laws, women suffrage, civil liberties, disarmament, etc., is old hat to us. We have secured thousands of names on more petitions than I can remember. We have seized and wrestled "with the issue of survival" often, and we have the bruises to show for our efforts, as well as the headiness of occasional victory.

KITTY BAKER,
Publicity Secretary,
WILPF.

Philadelphia, Pa.

TUT FOR TUT

TWO "TUTS" FOR MR. CIARDI! Having been given the needle so frequently by poetry lovers, he is undoubtedly immune to criticism by now, but surely, as director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, he knows that "presently" does *not* mean "at present"—and he of all people committed this error not once but twice [*SR*, Aug. 25]. As a graduate of the Middlebury Spanish School and a former assistant editor of a trilingual magazine, I think he owes us all an apology—presently.

MRS. F. W. WALKER.

Hampton, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Webster's International Dictionary" (Second Edition), Definition 2 of "presently": "At present; now. . . ."*

LOST: TWO PAGES

IN HIS REVIEW of James Yaffe's latest novel, "Mister Margolies" [*SR*, Aug. 18], Haskel Frankel maintains that "something vital was lost" on page 104, paragraph 5, when he felt the plot suddenly interfered with the portrayal of the central character. Mr. Frankel then quoted the paragraph.

It is worth noting, I think, that the section in question is not on page 104, as Mr. Frankel declared, but on page 102.

ELAINE GORDON.

Lawrence, L.I.

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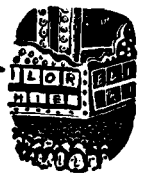

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Good Ones Are Arriving

DURING a chance meeting between a New England theatre owner, Sperie Perakos, and Greek film director George Tzavellas, the film exhibitor happened to ask Tzavellas if he had any ideas for movies. "**Antigone,**" Tzavellas replied. This struck a sympathetic chord, for Mr. Perakos is also of Greek descent and knows his tragedies. He went out and found the necessary funds for the venture and helped to recruit a large and capable cast, with Irene Papas as the young woman who rebels against man's authority, but remains loyal to the dignity of tradition.

The result is a film from Greece that Tzavellas adapted and directed so as to cut carefully through encrusted artificialities of style and tradition and bring Sophocles to the screen unharmed, not in the least distorted, as he was in Tyrone Guthrie's unfortunate film treatment of "Oedipus Rex." Moreover, it looks as if a most important development in motion pictures has been set in motion. For "Antigone" has been followed by "Electra," a film of equal worth, due for showing here soon.

Classical Greek is almost a foreign language to the Greeks of today, but the spirit of the tragedies lives on in modern translations, and in performances by the Greek Royal and National Theatres. Tzavellas, however, eliminated the theatrical, formalized approach almost entirely, deftly summarizing the prologue having to do with the curse laid upon Oedipus and his descendants and dispensing with choral movement and staging. But the effect of the chorus as commentary remains, in the person and voice of an elder of King Creon's court, and in an off-screen voice intoning in moments of transition.

In imagery that is agreeably stylized, in mood-filled settings, the events and the meaning of the events are made clear. The two sons of Oedipus have met in battle and are dead. Creon the king has decreed that one shall receive burial honors, and the other shall not. Antigone, their sister, affianced to the son of Creon, will not obey the edict. While the body of her brother lies rotting she covers him, anoints him with burial oil, and when discovered is brought before Creon. She is sentenced to die in a cave. The self-righteous Creon relents too late, and the mournful consequences follow. In acting out these events, Miss Papas is a striking and beautiful Antigone, but it is Manos Katrakis, as Creon, who contributes the most forceful portrayal.

Tzavellas has brought forth the surging emotions of this ancient drama with fluid staging and fine photography. He proves that the play has remained very much alive through the centuries, and that its power and anguish can affect audiences today.

England's angry young director Tony Richardson is clearly a menace to the star system. He first discovered Rita Tushingham, who in "A Taste of Honey" bore not the least resemblance to the usual pretty young movie ingénue, and now in "**The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner,**" he has discovered Tom Courtenay, who is the least likely looking movie star since Ernest Borgnine. Young Mr. Courtenay has what I guess would be called a homely face, is stockily built, and has a sad look about the eyes. He smiles rarely, and, when he does, manages to use only one side of his face. As an actor, however, he is devastating; he achieves expressiveness with no palpable effort, and sends you home both heartbroken and uplifted.

THIS quite wonderful movie, produced and directed by the restlessly brilliant Mr. Richardson, was adapted by Alan Sillitoe from his own short story. If it wasn't fully apparent before this that something was happening in British film-making, it certainly is now. Tony Richardson, and his photographer, Walter Lassally (who was also employed on "A Taste of Honey"), have gone into a school for delinquent boys and poked their camera revealingly at a bunch of hard-bitten young faces, as well as at the smug faces of the teachers and warders. They have then gone outdoors to show the boy running, his face to the wind, his eyes seeking the sky through traceries of branches. Moment after moment they find, in turn, beauty, ugliness, sham, humor, and tragedy.

They whirl a boy's mind from his present surroundings to his past. His father dies a shabby death; his mother spends his survivor's pay in a tasteless shopping spree and takes in a lover. Soon enough the boy goes "wrong." The righteous ones at the reform school aren't much of a help to him, and when the warden encourages him to train for a race in the hope of winning a cup for the school, his disillusionment with the society he is born into explodes in one stunning, gasping gesture. This movie strikes hard and true, and it isn't kind. There are at least a dozen absolutely believable performances, among them those of Michael Redgrave, James Bolam, a Avis Bunnage.

In a new and expert Italian comedy, the edge of satire is evident even in its title, "**Divorce—Italian Style,**" for there is no divorce in Italy, nor anywhere else for Italians, as Carlo Ponti and Sophia Loren have, to their sorrow, learned recently. The director and co-screenwriter of "Divorce—Italian Style," Pietro Germi, has propounded a not-altogether-serious solution to the dilemma in which Italian marrieds sometimes find themselves: they need merely to take advantage of Article 587 of the Italian Penal Code. This article states, in a translation furnished by Joseph E. Levine who has imported the film, "whoever, in a state of anger determined by the degree of offense to his honor or family, causes the death of his wife, daughter, or sister whom he discovers in an illegitimate, carnal relationship, is subject to a sentence of three to seven years imprisonment."

With time off for good behavior, the penalty amounts to about eighteen months; and that's about all, by way of background, that anyone needs to know in order to enjoy the movie, an to understand the otherwise strang behavior (to non-Italians) of Marcello Mastroianni, who plays a noble Sicilian bored by his wife (who has inadvertently grown a mustache) and infatuated with his pretty teen-age cousin. The complications that follow are charmingly insane. The bored baron and his pretty cousin are discovered in a moment of foolish rapture, the girl's father dies of a heart attack, and the girl is sent to a school run in the strictest fashion by nuns. The baron plans a crime of passion, one nettlesome problem being to find a lover for his wife.

To tell more than this would be unfair, but it can be said that Pietro Germi's direction is stylish even when it descends to farce, and that Marcello Mastroianni contributes a characterization that is as subtle as it is comic. When he is called upon to look bored, it is the quintessence of boredom that he achieves. In fact, his whole performance is a delicate range of mockeries, the while it remains consistent and delightful. Daniela Rocca, as his wife, nobly handles the task of looking less attractive than she actually is, and Stefania Sandrelli is blonde and fetc ing as the cousin. Best to see this one from the beginning, for it would be a pity to miss the refreshing irony of the ending. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Little League Great Debate

COINS were flipped in the recent Kennedy-McCormack televised debates to decide the order in which the candidates would speak and the positions they would occupy before the cameras. Members of the panel of questioners representing the news media were also chosen by lot. And, to my mind, a flip of the coin might just as well have decided the outcome of the primary which finally chose the Democratic nominee for the Bay State's U.S. Senate race.

In the second debate, the one I watched, both candidates agreed that the issue was "experience," which is a phony issue. Both differed not a jot nor a tittle on any of the other real issues they allegedly discussed, such as Cuba, residual oil from Venezuela, and nuclear missile strength. Both promised to support the President down the line, look after the Commonwealth's interests, follow the dictates of conscience, and advance a "Renaissance in Massachusetts."

More significantly for the state's voters, television's handling of this primary contest, which attracted national attention, deprived these voters of the opportunity to judge true alternatives. A panelist, querying Mr. McCormack, mentioned "your independent rival." I had failed, in my reading of press reports, to notice any mention of a third man in the primary race. I tracked him down in an issue of the magazine *The Progressive*. He is H. Stuart Hughes, a history professor at Harvard and a grandson of the late Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes.

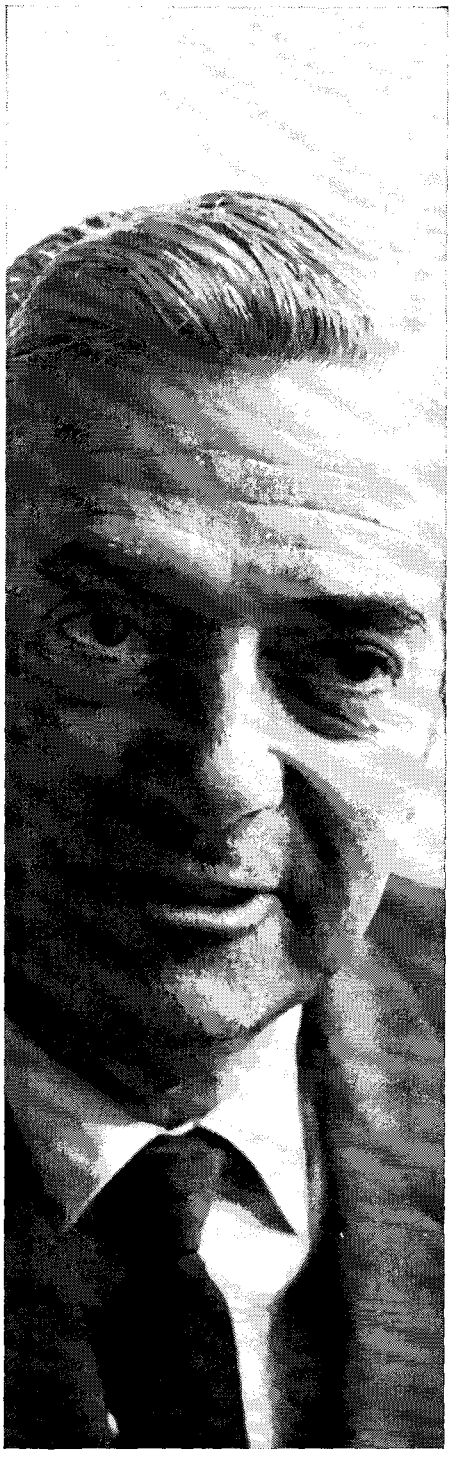
According to an editorial in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, he is one of a group of new-style candidates "who refuse to accept the inevitability of the arms race. They believe there is a better way out, and they are willing to explore it." I don't know how Professor Hughes might have stated his case against the common position taken by candidates Kennedy and McCormack. The point is that the Massachusetts voters did not get a chance to see him in the televised debates.

Yet broadcasters continue to press for the repeal of Section 315 of the Communications Act, which requires that stations provide equal time and facilities to all candidates for public office. The industry rejects proposals that candidates be required to participate in television debates. "What we need," said Dr. Frank Stanton of CBS recently, "is freedom for electronic communications to cover . . . all campaigns . . . as they deserve to be covered. If we do it wrong or inadequately, we will hear closely and loudly from the rest of the press, from the people, from the candidates. . . ."

Electronic journalism did it wrong in Massachusetts. The Kennedy-McCormack televised debates did not afford (as provided by Section 315) "reasonable opportunity for the discussion of conflicting views on issues of public importance." Candidate Professor Hughes was "backed by the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy (SANE), by Political Action for Peace (PAX), and by other peace organizations. Voters might have rejected his position, but Massachusetts television, covering this campaign as it judged the campaign deserved to be covered, ignored a true conflicting view on an issue of public importance and permitted a Democratic party exercise in "Which one has the Toni?"—in this case, the acceptable experience image.

The Kennedy-McCormack debates on television demonstrated again the uselessness (for the public) of the format which calls for opening statements, panel questions, candidate answers, rebuttals, and summaries. The devices permit a candidate complete self-service without his ever being seriously challenged on anything. It is reported that, in the race for Governor in California, Nixon and Brown can't agree on a format for their televised debates. Nixon insists on face-to-face exchange; Brown wants the "impartial panel of newsmen to raise issues for the candidates to discuss." From a voter's viewpoint, the face-to-face method is better. Recently, on their NBC-TV limited series, "Campaigns and Candidates," Chet Huntley and David Brinkley proved this. The two newsmen asked questions of William Miller, the Republican National Chairman, and John Bailey, his opposite number for the Democrats. The procedure was informal and anybody could talk to anybody else at any time, and consequently the two politicians revealed a good deal about themselves and their party programs.

If television is to serve politics wisely; if it is to help and not hinder the democratic process, it must move—and require the candidates to move—away from the nonsense of the hit-and-run panel. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



HOWARD K. SMITH SPEAKS HIS MIND

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Month of Maya, Russian Style

THE BOLSHOI Ballet opened its second American tour with scarcely a mention of exchange, cultural or otherwise (which is just as well). With more than $600,000 in the Metropolitan's box office before the curtain went up and a top of $15 per seat prevailing for subsequent evening performances, the exchange, if any, obviously has more to do with the Bourse than the Louvre. And the repertory is as "commercial" as any company's which opens with "Swan Lake."

Subtracted from the previous complement of dancers is Galina Ulanova, who was, for some, its bright particular star and luminous personality (she is present as ballet mistress and may do a ceremonial turn before the engagement ends). Subtracted, too, are some of the other well-remembered personalities, not exactly of her generation, perhaps, but relatively so. The present Bolshoi group strikes the eye as younger and on the whole better looking. Certainly it is a marvelously matched ensemble.

Its bright particular star is Maya Plisetskaya, a veritable heavenly body around which her colleagues revolve like so many—what is the word?—sputniks. She is the primary planet for the other, lesser asteroids, and an unquestionably magnetic one. Three years have added a sheen and dazzle to her work which leaves her hardly matched, indeed hardly challenged for brilliance among the constellation of dancers seen in the present era of ballet in America.

But if heavenly bodies have their place among the planets, what one longs for amid the earthly surroundings of "Swan Lake" is less a shaft of lightning and more a glow of incandescence—which is to say, a dancer with human warmth rather than supernal fire. When Plisetskaya is done with a variation, a *pas de deux*, or a solo, it is not merely accomplished—it is subdued, dismembered, inert. Most often what it has left in the mind is a searing line of movement, with never a blur or a miscalculation, but not very much that contributes to the progress of the role with which she is concerned, or that defines its part in the tale depicted by the action.

Least of all is it character creation as this is commonly considered in the double role of Odette-Odile. Both, of course, are swans, as swans exist in ballet: Odette, who first charms Prince Siegfried, is white, benign, and loving

in her response to him; Odile, who makes him forget, in Act III, the vow he has given to her "rival" in Act II, is black, malign, and heartless. Plisetskaya wears the appropriate costumes and performs the actions of these birds of a different feather with equal ease, but her Odette is only slightly less an Odile than her Odile. From the beginning she is more falcon than cygnet, darting at her lover as if to destroy him, hardly sharing his embrace.

Thus the two swans are less black and white than a similar shade of brilliance, and are mostly a means to exhibiting a physical discipline equal to any common challenge, and a few uncommon ones devised for her exploitation (such as a breathless pose, on point, in perfect balance, at the climax of Act III, as a kind of bodily exclamation point to all that has preceded). It appeared to my eye that she has added, since last seen here, some wrist flips and finger pointing which capitalize her vocabulary of movement Like This. Possessed as she is of every nuance and emphasis of her craft, it would be more subtle of her to underplay their effect.

Subtlety, however, is what the Bolshoi Ballet (among other things) lacks. It also lacks the ebb and flow of personality that give interest and meaning to the story element of ballet, even to so wan a fairy tale as "Swan Lake." Perfection of execution takes precedence over expression of meaning so that even the jester—a feature of Russian "Swan Lakes" not favored in versions done elsewhere—does his funny business in all earnest.

In such circumstances, the results are not to be valued for such intangibles as fantasy, spirit, or poetry, but in the harder, more tangible coin of precision, line, and power. Here and there, among the performers of smaller parts, such

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as Ekaterina Maximova in the *pas de trois* of Act I, one caught a suggestion of lightness and charm, or femininity not subordinated to formula. But this was very much the exception. Nicolai Fadeyechev's Prince is, as before, firmly founded on a bravura technique, but rather more prosaic than one recollected from the previous engagement. For that matter, Yuri Faier lessened the earlier esteem he had won as a ballet conductor with, this time, a strident emphasis on brass and percussion.

The month of Maya was initiated by four performances of "Swan Lake," of which she danced the dual role on three successive evenings. However, even a Plisetskaya is not equal to double duty in such a part, providing for reacquaintance, at the Saturday matinee, with Nina Timofeyeva's impersonation. Though she is scarcely such a personification of virtuosity, she is a very fine dancer, and to my taste, preferable in Act II.

This relates to her disposition to lyric softness and less than imperious treatment of phrase and gesture. By Bolshoi standards she is almost excessively poetic, but this lends luster and a surge of life to a phase of the role in which the fanciful feeling she conveys is welcome. It could be said, too, of Timofeyeva what could hardly be said of Plisetskaya—that she is a collaborator with the musical performance rather than one who imposes herself upon it. For that matter, the musical performance itself had a different shade of emphasis under the direction of a youngish conductor, Alexander Kopylov, who was making his American debut. A musician of discrimination and excellent taste, his further efforts will tell more about the range of his abilities.

Also new was Marius Liepa, a dancer of trim line and good appearance in the role of Prince Siegfried. His strengths are similar to those of Timofeyeva, which gave excellent balance to their work together in Act II. Neither Timofeyeva nor Liepa can be cited in the class of Plisetskaya and Fadeyechev in Act III, but together they sustain a blend of values more in keeping with the idea of ballet as a totality rather than as a series of individual exploits.

—Irving Kolodin.

Every Good Boy Does Fine

By David Wagoner

I PRACTICED my cornet in a cold garage
Where I could blast it till the oil in drums
Boomed back; tossed free-throws till I couldn't move my thumbs;
Sprinted through tires, tackling a headless dummy.

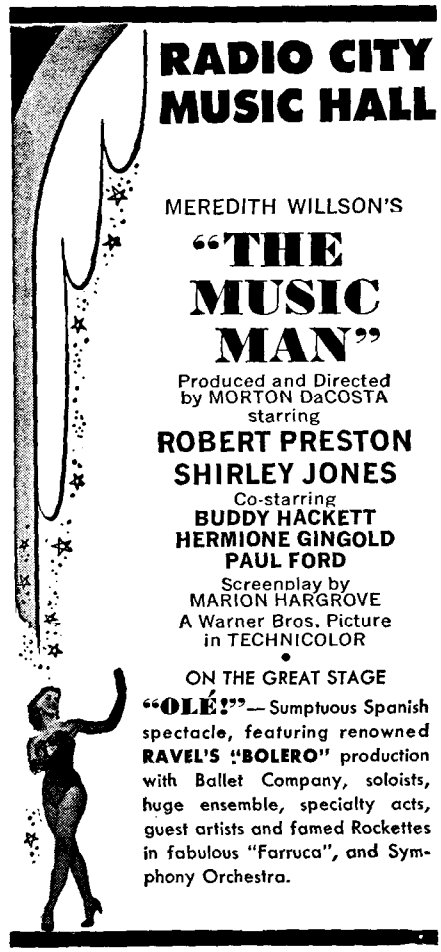
In my first contest, playing a wobbly solo,
I blew up in the coda, alone on stage,
And twisting like my hand-tied necktie, saw the judge
Letting my silence dwindle down his scale.

At my first basketball game, gangling away from home
A hundred miles by bus to a dressing room,
Under the showering voice of the coach, I stood in a towel,
Having forgotten shoes, socks, uniform.

In my first football game, the first play under the lights
I intercepted a pass. For seventy yards I ran
Through music and squeals, surging, lifting my cleats,
Only to be brought down by the safety man.

I took my second chances with less care, but in dreams
I saw the bald judge slumped in the front row,
The coach and team at the doorway, the safety man
Galloping loud at my heels. They watch me now.

You who have always horned your way through passages,
Sat safe on the bench while some came naked to court,
Slipped out of arms to win in the long run,
Consider this poem a failure, sprawling flat on a page.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Bleak House on Baptist Street

By GRANVILLE HICKS

AFTER a brief, dramatic, and at the moment puzzling first scene, James Hanley gives us the setting of his new novel, **"Say Nothing"** (Horizon, $3.95):

> There is a street called Baptist Street, and it is in the town that I came to, and the houses are very tight, in a tight town. The doors give the impression of having been closed forever. The curtains on the windows are as stiff and motionless as sentinels. When first I came to it, I stared and stared. Night has the depth of caves, and daylight has no arch. Not in this town that is called Garlston. Baptist Street curled in on its own silence. And I was lost in this town, rootless.

The "I" is a young man of nineteen, Charles Elston, who has come from London to Garlston in order to study in a law office there, and who is on Baptist Street in search of a boarding house, rooms being hard to come by. If the street is bleak, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Baines, in which he establishes himself, is a desert. And, as he soon discovers, it is a desert in more than a physical sense, for it has been ravaged by hate and fear.

With Mr. and Mrs. Baines lives the latter's sister, Winifred, sitting alone in her room all day, seldom eating with the others, only rarely speaking to them. Once there had been another boarder, and Winifred had fallen in love with him and he, or so she believed, with her. But then her sister took him away from her and married him. He died soon after, and she, the sister, married Baines. Winifred cherishes both her love and her hate, and every Sunday she honors Tom's grave and humiliates Mrs. Baines. (This is the meaning of the tense scene with which the novel begins.)

The thinly partitioned house offers no privacy, and young Charlie, hearing every word that is spoken, even in the connubial bed, is plunged, with horror and fascination, into the midst of the situation. Not only do the sisters hate one another and voice their hate with unsparing violence; Mr. and Mrs. Baines are forever afraid of losing their jobs in a Garlston factory. And they have deliberately narrowed their lives—no radio, no newspapers, no friends, no going out to pubs or movies. Other people may lean on such things, Baines tells Charlie, but not the members of this household.

Yet, Charlie discovers to his amazement, they do manage to make lives for themselves. Winifred finds solace in the memory of her love and sustenance in her hate, even if, as she fears, she is close to insanity. Mrs. Baines takes satisfaction in the accumulation of money, practicing all sorts of stringent economies. She also, as she does not hesitate to tell Charlie, enjoys sex. Baines is the most explicitly discontented of the three. He tells Charlie at the outset that he is a failure, and later on he remarks, "We are damned, really, Mrs. Baines, and I've always known it." He dislikes his job and his home, and he dreams of simply walking away, but he knows that he will never do it. On the other hand, to alleviate his dissatisfaction, he has the Bible, which he reads regularly, and at times he plays the flute in a shed on the property.

Charlie, innocent and kind, tries to help all three. He persuades Winifred to walk with him one night. (Mrs. Baines, of course, suspects the worst.) He goes to walk with Baines, talks with him, listens to his flute. But after only three or four days there is nothing he can do but run away from a situation that is too horrible to bear. Baines says he will miss Charlie, but at the same time he makes it clear that life in the house will go on unchanged.

Hanley tells the story—or lets Charlie tell it—almost entirely by means of dialogue, not the stylized dialogue of Ivy Compton-Burnett but the straightforward talk of the North of England. The reliance on realistic dialogue gives the novel a leanness that is appropriate to its theme, to the absence of any sort of adornment, any touch of color, any gleam of beauty in the lives of the Baines ménage. Hanley deliberately strips his people down, showing of how little a life can be made.

As I said in my review of "An End and a Beginning" (*SR*, Nov. 11, 1958), Hanley has sometimes been called an existentialist, and in a general way the term is applicable enough. Whatever he is, however, he was it long before existentialism became a fashionable word, and he reached his view of life by his own path. He examines the human condition without preconceived ideas and certainly without illusions. "Say Nothing" is as stark as the novels of Samuel Beckett. Hanley's characters are not physically crippled as are Molloy and Malone and the others, but one has the same sense that they are lacking in certain essential human attributes. Yet Hanley uses them, just as Beckett uses his characters, to force us to consider what humanity is. They do survive.

Hanley has been writing for more than thirty years, and he has been prolific. (Many of his books have not been published in this country.) He has written often about the sea, and Henry Green has called him "far and away the best writer of the sea and of seafaring men since Conrad." In a series of novels about the Fury family of which "An End and a Beginning" was the final volume, he has described proletarian life in England with extraordinary authenticity and power. He is constantly experimenting with technique, and in its method "Say Nothing" is, so far as I know, like nothing else he has written. For three decades he has been an interesting and important writer.

Having myself, through the years, had little success in persuading people that they should read Hanley, perhaps I can do no better than to quote the opinions of some of his distinguished contemporaries in England. E. M. Forster describes him as "a novelist of distinction and originality who puts the best of himself and his tough experiences into his work." Herbert Read has written: "A great realist and one of the most vigorous and impressive novelists of our time." C. P. Snow says: "One of the most important of living writers. Humanity: compassion: above all, sheer power: in all these qualities he is not surpassed by any contemporary." Henry Green's opinion I have already cited. I have not read everything of Hanley's, by any means; but I have read enough to convince me that he deserves the praise that has been so lavishly bestowed upon him. That he is so little known in the United States is, I feel strongly, our loss.

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Red Shadow on Rangoon

"Inside a Soviet Embassy: Experiences of a Russian Diplomat in Burma," by Aleksandr Kaznacheev *(Lippincott. 250 pp. $4.95), makes unprecedented public revelations of Communist capabilities, designs, and failures in Southeast Asia. Lionel Landry has been appointed associate director of the Asia Society.*

By LIONEL LANDRY

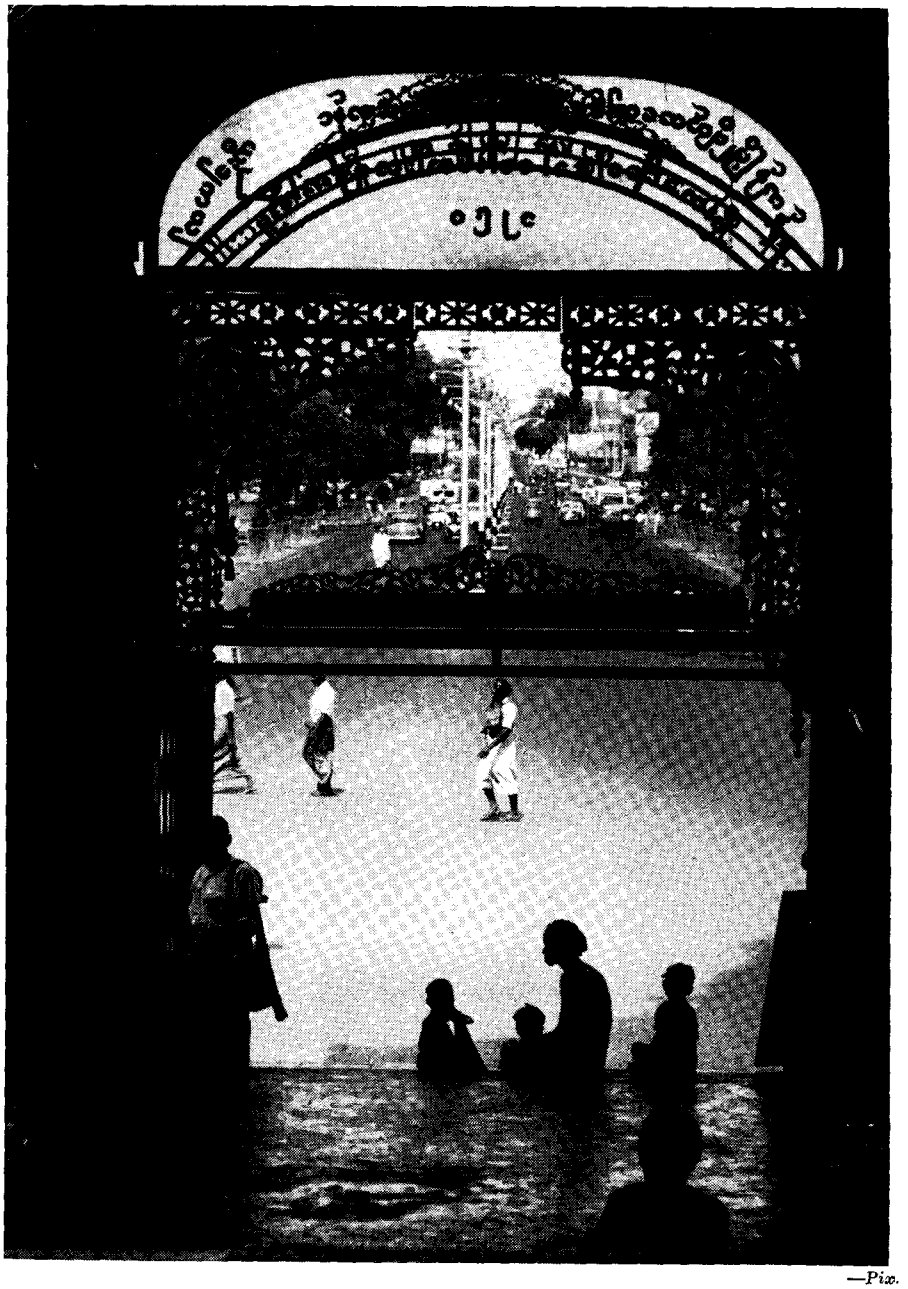
LIFE behind the high, shard-crowned wall around the Soviet Embassy compound in Rangoon is one of tedium and virtual captivity. The Soviet diplomat can venture outside into the Burmese world only in the company of a colleague on the embassy staff. Through training, fear, and Communist disdain he is incapable of communicating with the "natives." If this reduces to nil his effectiveness as a political reporter, it hardly matters, for reports from Rangoon must be more in tune with Moscow shibboleths than with the realities of a foreign, non-Communist world.

Shiborin, the bumbling ambassador, is only in name the head of the embassy. The mysterious figures of the Political Intelligence apparatus—the super-élite "absolute weapon" of Soviet subversion, infiltration, and conquest—really call the tune. Imprisoned in the compound are the ever-prying, ever-prattling embassy wives, who watch the comings and goings of everyone: the ambitious Volodya; the secret tippler Misha; the intellectual rebel Viktor; the icy Vozny; the tragic Yura, discovered in his deep love for a beautiful Burmese girl and banished in disgrace; and, above all, the ineffaceable figure of the military attaché, Colonel Mikhail Strygin, who, drugged and dazed, is hustled aboard a Communist aircraft by forty roughs from the embassy—in broad daylight at Mingaladon Airport—and flown off to his death after an attempt to defect.

Aleksandr Kaznacheev's ultimate *crise de conscience* came with the realization that his mission was to help destroy the very people who were revealing to him the priceless perspectives of an unknown freedom. Better than anyone else in his embassy, he had come to know the happy Burmans, originally in his capacity as his country's first Burmese-language specialist—a capacity that brought with it a disciplinary leeway not accorded his colleagues—and then later when he had been co-opted into the Political Intelligence operations, where he was given exceptional latitude to make Burmese "contacts." Dramatic comparisons between the Burmans' unpretentious but sophisticated life, free and forbearing, and the poisonous air of the embassy's Referentura—the hidden steel nest where Soviet conspiracies were hatched—accelerate Kaznacheev's account of his progress toward his perilous decision: to defect to the Free World.

As the narrative tension mounts, stunning disclosures are made of the Soviet Union's programs for economic, political, and psychological warfare in Burma; of the increased and disturbing friction with "Little Brother," the Red Chinese régime, which, in addition to finding repellent the lax Communism of the Russians, also vies with them for the eventual control of all Asia. In addition, we learn with astonishment of the appalling blunders and inefficiency of the Soviet Embassy.

The fate of Colonel Strygin was still fresh in Kaznacheev's memory when he



—*Pix.*

Rangoon, Burma—a view from the large pagoda in the center of the city.

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resolved at length to surrender himself—and his invaluable fund of information on Soviet subversion in Burma and elsewhere—to the American Embassy in Rangoon. The mortal dangers of his decision were clear, but with the encouragement of his Burmese friends he took the final, irrevocable step—only to find defection not so simple an affair. There were still harrowing times to live through, and with them increasing risk of discovery.

In the end he was resoundingly successful, and the Free World today owes a real debt to Aleksandr Yurievich Kaznacheev. Moreover, as with Igor Gouzenko, the debt is not only political, but literary.

In "Inside a Soviet Embassy" we find a moving and eloquent testimony to the deep-rooted impulse to liberty that informs all of mankind, even the Second - Generation, All - Communist, New Soviet Man.

The Minority Culture Puzzle

"Changing Patterns in South Asia," by Ian Thomson *(Roy. 166 pp. $4.25), discusses the problems of the young Eastern nations whose peoples comprise more than half the world's population. Paul Bixler has been a representative in Burma of the American Library Association.*

By PAUL BIXLER

IN THIS book Ian Thomson has attempted a well-nigh impossible job. Scholars are accustomed to think of "South Asia" as encompassing India, Pakistan, and Ceylon. Mr. Thomson has enlarged the concept to include all Asian countries south of the Soviet Union, an area stretching from Asia Minor to Japan. Although he notes that Communist China is "geographically outside the scope of this short summary," its influence too is included. Indeed, the index lists fourteen passages on or references to China, compared to eleven for India. It is a measure of our ignorance of Asia and our belated effort to mitigate it that in 166 pages we can be given a kind of introduction to recent and developing events among more than half the world's population, a vast complex of religiously-oriented cultures that must baffle God Himself, let alone the groping reader.

This is not to say that Mr. Thomson is poorly or superficially informed. He comes of a family that has devoted many years of service to Asia, and he himself has repeatedly visited countries of the Middle and Far East. He has done his homework, and he is sensitive to the significance for Asians of such an event as the Bandung Conference in 1955 or the Five Principles of *Pantja Sila* (both Indian and Indonesian versions). He has met Asians on their home grounds and listened to them, and his occasional personal anecdotes fit the context as well as lighten the book's factual load.

It is unfair to say that factual error is a basic weakness of the book. But Mr. Thomson has a problem that faces him on almost every page. The problem is space, the constant necessity to squeeze a 180-degree panorama in depth into the flat dimensions of a five-by-three-inch snapshot. This pushes him into some misleading emphases. On a late page he quotes two articles of Communist China's marriage law. "These articles," he comments, "summarize most of the legal rights for which women in many Asian countries have been fighting for years, and in some cases are still fighting for." It would seem logical to explain further that the women of certain Southeast Asian countries have certain freedoms in marriage and divorce that would surprise not only the Chinese but some Westerners. There is a small hint that Mr. Thomson is aware of this phenomenon, but presumably the exigencies of space forbade its development in this study.

A gap also appears in the discussion of such a significant subject as Asia's population explosion. India, Pakistan, and the island of Java, which have an extremely high population density, are not differentiated from Burma, Thailand, and Malaya, whose densities are similar to those of a number of our Southern states.

Mr. Thomson is inclined to emphasize the religious over the political in his analysis and in his suggested solutions of Asian problems. He would rely on religion to mitigate the evils of racialism.

No greater problem faces the young nations of South and Southeast Asia than internal cohesion. Governments have the prime job of giving their many minorities—with their separate cultures, their isolation, and often their own languages—a feeling of participation and of belonging. How soon these nations attain unity seems more likely to depend on the better impulses of nationalism than on most religions, which, to the extent that they are strong, assist the very racialism and tribalism that make for disunity.

Mr. Thomson's most informative chapters are his first, an essay on nationalism, and the last (before his Summary) on "Christianity in Asia." For the Westerner ignorant of Asia, the lacunae and misemphases in other chapters will matter little if only he is moved to read further and more deeply on these new-old societies.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PLENTY OF TIME

"Time is! Time was! Time is past!" These words, spoken by Friar Bacon's Brazen Head centuries ago, become more urgent with every passing moment. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, lists here a baker's dozen of titles reflecting this interest. Can you match titles with authors? Answers on page 38.

1. "A Gift of Time"	( ) Pierre Audemars
2. "A Time for Killing"	( ) Robert Crean
3. "A Time of Harvest"	( ) Leo Deuel, editor
4. "A Time to Laugh"	( ) Loren Eiseley
5. "A Time to Pass Over"	( ) H. Gordon Green
6. "Firmament of Time"	( ) William M. Hardy
7. "Of This Time, of That Place"	( ) Garson Kanin (from Lael Wertenbaker)
8. "Of Time and the River"	( ) George Kubler
9. "The Great Time-Killer"	( ) Harold Mehling
10. "The Shape of Time"	( ) Richard Schlegel
11. "The Treasures of Time"	( ) Robert Spiller, editor
12. "The Turns of Time"	( ) Lionel Trilling
13. "Time and the Physical World"	( ) Thomas Wolfe

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Squaring off the Corners

"Big Sur," by Jack Kerouac *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 241 pp. $4.50), tells of a forty-year-old boy hipster's latest voyage. Novelist Herbert Gold's most recent book is a collection of essays, "The Age of Happy Problems."*

By HERBERT GOLD

THE TIME and the book have come for the Kerouac revival. In the span of about five years, Jack Kerouac, promoted from the rank of boy wonder, shot across the horizon with the adolescent, the jaded, and the symptom-coddlers in hot pursuit; and thus he arrived at the difficult position of a shopworn ancestor while still learning to be a writer. Multitudes at first read every word he wrote and then, almost at once, stopped reading any word he might write. Kerouac himself insured his decline. The flood of trivia that followed "On the Road" simply wearied many readers despite all its willed exuberance.

Now at last, in "Big Sur," Kerouac has begun to fulfill the promises of humor and pathos that could be found among the goopy pretenses of his thirteen (yes, I counted them!) other books. The story is, as usual, frankly autobiographical. The writer returns to the scene of his crimes in beatnik San Francisco, thinks himself cracking up, revives his old friendships, goes on a binge, thinks himself cracking up some more, hies himself to a cabin in the woods, writes a poem on a beach, insists he is cracking up, flees, parties, finds boys, finds girls, finds a *real woman* (her son watches them make love), and finally really does crack up due to too much sweet wine. Then he recovers and takes to drinking dry wine.

Well, that sounds something like his other books, doesn't it? (Or don't it? as he writes in his populist mood.) But it is different. There is real pathos in the forty-year-old hip hero whose house is invaded by high school rebels wearing sweat shirts labeled "Dharma Bums." He is their cause. But where is *his* cause? He meets the fact squarely that he is not the great sex hero he has made himself out to be; he loves his mother and his cat. He is not a

Jack Kerouac—"troubling and touching."

Zen saint either; he is a weary boozer. He finds that he doesn't enjoy hitchhiking and gets blisters from walking too much. He makes a bed and recommends it as "good for the back"—an older man's recommendation for a bed.

He still uses those words—"goopy," "gooky," "goofy"—with a small-boy delight in Jello and horseplay; but he knows a little of where they belong and something of who the man using them is. Or if he doesn't know, he gives honest evidence. The book is full of sweet scenes of gabble and camping, woodsy rustlings and city chatter; there is a marvelously funny and touching description of a dodging and ducking inability to make a formal farewell to a friend in a tuberculosis sanitarium. The friends tease and jump and camp and really care for each other.

Of course, the pretensions of style and the sticky indulgences of egotism have not been extirpated. Literary references to everyone from Proust to Emily Dickinson still belie the purity and innocence of the attack on experience. A section devoted to delirium represents a naked launching into the techniques of William Burroughs and therefore fails to produce the effect of horror intended. A pastiche is not a nightmare is not a direct experience. And the poem by the hero Jack Duluoz-Jack Kerouac, which concludes the book, has none of the justifying power of the poems written by Pasternak's Dr. Zhivago or John Shade in Nabokov's "Pale Fire." It reads like what Demosthenes might have howled at the sea if he had filled his mouth with gook instead of pebbles.

Nevertheless, the portrait of the beat monster trying to escape from his role, to regain his role, to grow up, to remain a child, is in focus, troubling and touching. Kerouac no longer has to bark "Wow!" and parrot Zen catchwords in order to assure us that he is deep and has a soul. He gives a shrewd estimate of his role as a self-conscious actor in "God's movie, which is us," and finds it limiting both for God and to himself. He views his own willed simplicity with a harder eye. This developing severity is a real accomplishment. His misery is that of the twice-born man. "A long way to go," he says, and we know that he is thinking of death and of how short the way really is.

There once seemed a chance that Jack Kerouac might be a writer in addition to being a phenomenon. "Big Sur" tells us that the chance is not only still alive and glowing, but that Kerouac is on the right road at last.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 999

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 999 will be found in the next issue.

STERN APBA GELCA TLA

DLNA MPBA APFH APKQR

MTLEXQ'A GF NT GBX

KS APFH APTLWPA.

RKQ PLGGBCX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 998

———

To learn your offspring to steal make them beg hard for all that you give them.

—BILLINGS.

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Keys to Corruption

"Power," by Howard Fast *(Doubleday. 378 pp. $4.95), recreates the fervor, agony, and moral ambiguity that characterized the rise of industrial unionism in the Twenties and Thirties. David Boroff, who teaches English at New York University, frequently comments on modern fiction.*

By DAVID BOROFF

"POWER" is a barely disguised portrait of a labor leader who is readily identifiable as John L. Lewis. It is also an account of the tumultuous origins of the coal miners' union. This alone gives the novel distinction at a time when almost all of our fiction has a middle-class coloring. But in its own right, "Power" is a fascinating, enormously readable novel that evokes the terror and agony and triumph of labor during its hungry days in the Twenties and Thirties.

Benjamin Renwell Holt is a shaggy giant of a man whose destiny is intertwined with that of coal mining. "Coal is power," he asserts, "and the key to coal is power." In his own life, it had been the source of crushing tragedy—his two brothers and father had been killed in mine disasters—and of his own indomitable sense of manhood. A miner since childhood, he had somehow attained a college education and returned to his home town in West Virginia to organize the diggers.

Holt is frustrated by violence, the dismal economics of the coal-mining industry, and the indifference of the public. Abused, impoverished, hunted, he persists stubbornly in his task. A *deus ex machina* appears in the shape of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who fosters collective bargaining. The time is ripe, and Holt achieves an overwhelming victory in his own industry. He then moves on to leadership in the beginnings of industrial unionism.

Years later, we meet him in a melancholy anticlimax: the coal miners' union is now sleek and fat, its officers more interested in their investment portfolios than in the working class, its leader corroded by power.

In the Popular Front era, Howard Fast created a distinctive rhetoric of proletarian sentimentality. His heroes were working-class stalwarts, monumentally virtuous; his upper-class villains oozed evil. Since that credulous time Fast, who has repudiated his Communist attachments, has discovered proletarian sin. And there is in "Power" far more complexity and moral ambiguity than in his previous novels. Although the coal operators are brutal, the two massacres memorably portrayed in this work are perpetrated by pro-labor forces. And Holt plays a sinister role in one of them. He might have averted the gunning down of almost a hundred scabs in a mine crater, but he remains coldly aloof out of fear of alienating the angry miners.

The questions that the novel poses are not resolved. Could anyone other than an obsessed man have created a powerful union out of such unpromising material? And what caused the moral decay of the union? Was it the blight of power, Holt's egotism, or is it in the nature of unionism? John Dos Passos in "Midcentury" touched on these themes, but there is a great deal more to be done.

Howard Fast was overrated during the Forties, but one should be on guard against denigrating his talents. A natural storyteller, he is always lucid, sharp, and compelling. His minor characters—the lonely and selfless union attorney, the tender-tough newspaperman who gets caught up in unionism, the neglected wife—are flimsy and predictable. But Ben Holt, lion-maned, implacable, and massive, is an arresting figure. And the fugitive fervors of that time—now almost as remote as the Civil War—come stingingly alive. More than anything else, "Power" reminds us of how much we are missing because of the failure of American novelists to explore this epic chapter in the American experience.

Confetti for Bacchanalia

"What a Way to Go," by Wright Morris *(Atheneum. 311 pp. $5), romps through the rollicking incongruities of love. Ihab Hassan wrote "Radical Innocence."*

By IHAB HASSAN

THE MODERN muse is of an antic disposition. Wright Morris, who has written some very serious and distinguished books, has now come forth with a looney comedy of love. There was something of this, of course, in his earlier novel, "Love Among the Cannibals," from which Mr. Morris reclaims certain motifs, most notably the voraciousness of desire. But the present work, a fantasy or masque more than a comedy, and perhaps a travelogue even more than a masque, goes farther in acknowledging the rollicking incongruities of love. It is a work full of wit and unholy glee, extravagant in its keen observations of the manners and gambols of the human animal. But it is not, I believe, a work likely to make a profound impression on such readers as Mr. Morris himself might esteem.

"What a Way to Go" is set in Venice, and on a ship that takes the characters to the islands of Greece. The hero is Soby, a lank, middle-aged professor in a New England co-educational school, who clamps his pipe upside-down in his mouth, and is known as the "only Rhodes scholar who came home at Christmas without an accent." He is judged by the girls at Rawley as "safe," though Soby had experienced passion with his wife, a Greek girl whose unhygienic nails used to leave their erotic marks before her untimely death. But Soby does not remain a courtly widower forever. On his junket to Italy and Greece, he meets through two incredible spinsters, Miss Kollwitz and Miss Throop, the niece of the latter. Cynthia Pomeroy, alias Lolita, alias Nausicaa, is a freshman at Oberlin. She ends as Mrs. Soby. But not before her cruel and hilarious entanglements with "the giant Holzapfel, the *kleiner* Perkheimer, the scholarly Dr. Hodler, not to mention the painterly Pignata, are finally unraveled by Soby, a Guinness of the near-at-hand who sees himself as "a courtless fool, a kingless jester."

Beneath the tomfoolery and shenanigans of human beings at sea runs an ancient theme: the Wisdom of the Body. The image of "poor Aschenbach," the hero of Mann's "Death in Venice," is constantly summoned in mocking piety or awe; and primordial visions of "that hooting pack of goat-skinned barbarians who had streamed

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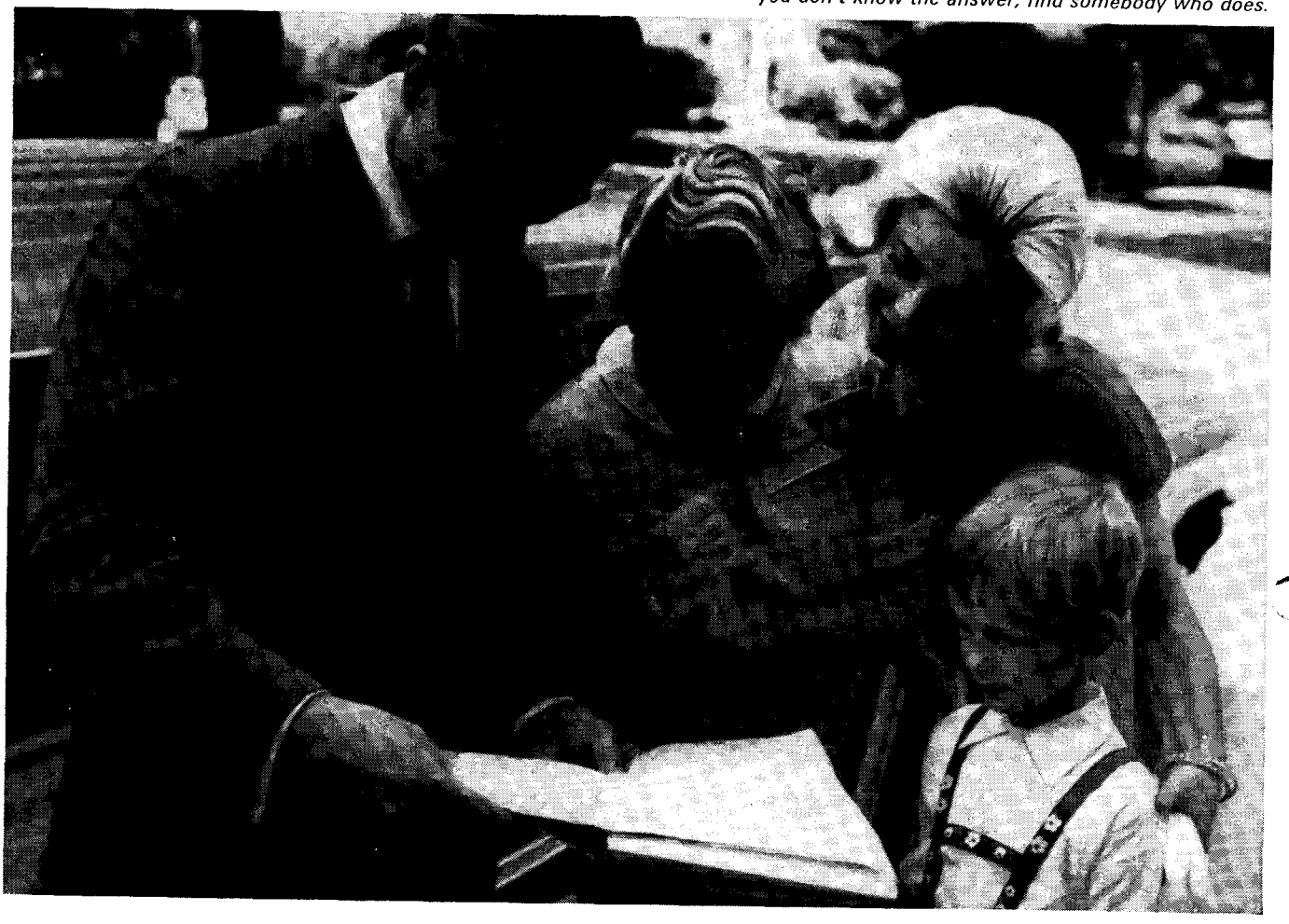
Helen Hayes has some hints on helping overseas visitors feel at home

Help with directions

I've stayed in practically every city in America, yet I often have to ask directions. So imagine the difficulty our guests will have as they travel here. Be as helpful as you can. If you don't know the answer, find somebody who does.



Local customs

Visitors passing through your town need to know things about our stores—how and when we shop. Tell them, too, about traffic and parking regulations, opening and closing hours at museums and nearby recreation areas.

Transportation

It's surprising how visitors appreciate your words of advice—on where to get a taxicab; how to rent a car, how to locate the correct bus or train at a station. They will also be grateful for your pointers about our highways.

"Company's Coming! Everywhere I go people are talking about it and asking what they can do to help. I've been telling them that simple American hospitality is most important. I think a visitor will remember the busy Philadelphian who takes time to put him on the right bus just as vividly as he'll recall Independence Hall. And a courtesy extended by a Montana drugstore clerk will make an impression quite as lasting as Yellowstone National Park. So please remember that friendly Americans win American friends!"

Published as a public service in cooperation with the U. S. Travel Service, Department of Commerce, Washington 25, D. C.

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down the slope of Aschenbach's dream," or of "mock-eyed sirens with gold-tipped breasts," swarm into Soby's consciousness. For Soby knows that "Every man is his own Pygmalion," and that Cynthia, the girl from Winnetka, might be a "gold-leafed" Primavera, beautiful and shameless as spring. In this the lover and the artist are indeed of one imagination compact: they create the very vision that must possess them. And the act of creation, like the deepest passion, is impersonal.

> The brain was in the head if one was lucky—but what one called the mind was in the body, and the wisdom of the body counseled the brain what to feel and think. It was the source of fiction, as well as what were known as facts . . . this was also true . . . of the artist's imagination. . . . The personal was elevated to the impersonal.

It is thus that we understand Cynthia's slogan, "what a way to go," the elemental Bacchic cry of surrender, the voice of the body's wisdom.

Mr. Morris, however, is too wry and sophisticated a writer, in this particular instance, to make that cry credible. Art, as Thomas Mann knew, can parody itself with advantage, and literature may thrive on the sense of incongruity. It is right for Soby to meet his Cynthia first under a café table. But in the end the mysteries of Dionysus are not expressed in whimsey; they are not propagated by confetti. Mr. Morris cannot even evoke in his Bal Masque the dark force of Walpurgis Night, degenerate child of the mysteries. "What a Way to Go" would have succeeded better had it pretended to less. Its failure, however, underlies the universal burden of the novelist in an age of irony.

LITTLE POSTSCRIPT: Gus had knobby knees, big ears, and brown eyes like an owl's. He had a lively curiosity about the world, which often confused him. And he also had a nephew his own age, which confused him even more. Boys of seven are not supposed to be uncles. The trouble was, nobody *explained* anything to Gus. His older sister Sally simply came back home, complete with her husband, Wayne, and her son, Tom —"a handsome little bull of a boy . . . whose mother made him stay a baby." Wayne wanted to move to the ranch he had inherited, and Sally wanted to live in town; while they argued through the summer, Gus and Tom were thrown together in uneasy alliance. Uneasy, because Tom mostly wanted to flap and crow like a rooster (which embarrassed his uncle), and Gus wanted to figure things out.

How, for instance, could his parents be Tom's grandparents? Why was his mother so much older than a neighborhood canvass revealed other mothers to be? Did this mean his father was old enough to die? And how, above all, could he forgive his father for doing the thing that had produced Gus and created what neighbors laughingly called "the little postscript"?

How Gus managed to get the stars straight and clear in a reeling sky, and how he learned that if you love enough you don't need to forgive, is the story Margaret Abrams has to tell in "**The Uncle**" (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). A great many people are going to find it a charming and sensitive story of childhood. It is necessary to add, however, that they do not include a certain eleven-year-old boy who was asked to read the book for his professional opinion. His comment was succinct: "This author doesn't know *anything* about boys!" he snorted. This reviewer isn't so positive; but, after contemplating a passage in which Gus solemnly considers the "dignity and grace" of adults, she is inclined to agree with the junior snorter. —Margaret Parton.

WAR AGAINST HUMANITY: The record of the German occupation of Poland is one of the worst chapters in the long and cruel history of mankind, and anyone who lived through it has a story to tell. Anna Langfus tells hers in her semi-autobiographical novel, "**The Whole Land Brimstone**" (Pantheon, $4.95). The title taken from Deuteronomy, refers to the wrath of the Lord.

Mme. Langfus was nineteen when the Germans invaded Poland. Two years later she and her family had been herded into the Warsaw ghetto. She escaped with her husband, wandering and hiding and working with Polish resistance groups. Eventually they were arrested, and her husband was shot; since she did not look Jewish she escaped that time, but was condemned to death shortly afterward. Somehow she survived; but by the end of the war she had suffered so much horror that she was sickened rather than grateful at the thought of going on living.

Although in Peter Wiles's translation her prose is lucid, at times she rushes her narrative so that important transitions are omitted. On the other hand, when the strain of events becomes unbearable to her heroine, Mme. Langfus abandons reality and sinks into strange, nightmarish dreams that are beautifully handled.

But in the end the subject transcends the book. This is a report on a war against humanity that is still being waged. Mme. Langfus throws no new light on it, but as long as such things can happen again, we should see to it that they are not forgotten.

—Hans Koningsberger.

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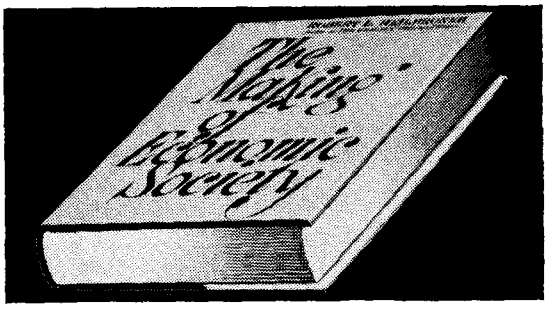

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The Wisdom of the White Goddess

"Oxford Addresses on Poetry," by Robert Graves *(Doubleday. 141 pp. $3.95), reveals its nearly seventy-year-old author as still an enfant terrible, bristling with wit, heresy, and invitations to nonconformity. James Gray, a close observer of the contemporary literary scene, is the author of "On Second Thought."*

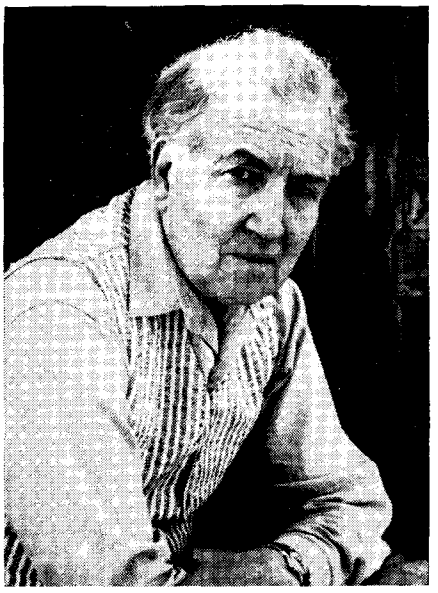
By JAMES GRAY

IF THE young continue to deserve their reputation for treasuring audacity, the students at Oxford must have indeed greatly enjoyed certain experiences of the Michaelmas term, 1961, when they heard Robert Graves give his public lectures as Professor of Poetry. What he had to say is now presented to a wider audience in a book whose slender form bulges with provocative heresies, exuberant invitations to nonconformity, assertions of individuality made with convincing gusto, and suggestions about the true source of creative inspiration that should offer beguiling promises to a beginner in art.

Mr. Graves must surely have seemed to be the youngest person in the hall where he spoke. For he made not the slightest concession to orthodox respectability of opinion, honored only "perfect freedom," romped through his assignment scattering witty paradoxes, gossip, and challenges to new quarrels as he went. His age is nearly seventy, but for all that he is still the *enfant terrible* of the academies.

To anyone who has looked into the scores of volumes of poetry, novels, biographies, pamphlets, oddities of social study—what not?—in which Robert Graves has capsuled his explosive talents, the performances at Oxford cannot have been surprising. Each time he has discharged another book, a new area of his originality has been dazzlingly illuminated. Yet, for a man so variable, he has shown a remarkable consistency of outlook. All that he asks of any work of art—his own or another's—is that it be an expression of "human truth," apprehended in a mood of dedication by a man who values "stubborn imaginative freedom."

It cannot be said of his discussions of the practice of poetry that they establish new canons of art. Indeed, that



Robert Graves—"provocative heresies."

is the last thing that Robert Graves would wish to do. He would not found a school of poetry if he could; and he would distrust, if he did not scorn, any writer who might seek to become his follower. Creative effort is an affair for the "individual poet in privacy." Its impulse, Graves insists, is "almost anti-social." Achievements worth preserving are brought back from an "emotional trace" in which the artist is in intensely personal communication with his Muse.

IF this is less than explicit about the process of bringing a poem into being, Robert Graves has other hints to offer to one who wishes to become an initiate in the rites of art. The emotional trance is invited through an invocation of the "White Goddess . . . the Mother of All Living." This "perpetual other woman" in the poet's life blesses him with an "obsessive love" from which "proceed the poems of the trance." In these, "the ancient mythical elements thickly assemble."

Here the lectures edge toward another of Robert Graves's favorite themes: the presiding genius of woman in human experience. The poet's White Goddess may well become embodied temporarily, even permanently, in the person of a real woman. If the poet is wise, he will recognize the "age-old moral ascendency" of her sex; but, again if he is wise, he will not wish to have her educated. As Robert Graves tells us, instruction will only destroy woman's special asset, which is her intuition. It would be interesting to know what the young women of the Oxford community made of that!

If the wisdom of the White Goddess remains vague, there is nothing in the least doubtful about what Robert Graves has made of it in forming his own tastes. He likes and he dislikes with vigor and vehemence. Among his brothers in spirit are John Skelton, "the earliest and clearest example of the dedicated poet"; John Donne, admired chiefly, it would appear, for his candor and his wit; and Sir Walter Raleigh, author of "the most compelling of all Muse poems in English." Graves's most savage antipathy is reserved for a shining mark. He bangs expertly away at what is for him the fraudulent effrontery of—don't risk a guess of whom—Virgil!

According to Graves, there was the anti-poet of all time; a timorous, time-serving imitator and degrader of the work of his betters. His technical tricks served only to "divorce poetry from common sense." He lacked all originality and courage, produced a tawdry "official Roman epic, glorifying the divinely descended Caesars as fated rulers of the world," and created in Aeneas the arch-cad of literature.

This diatribe is produced not merely for staggering effect. Graves means every denigrating word of it. What shocks him into the desire to shock is his belief that a subservient school of critics, international in authority and meanly slavish in taste, has dutifully pretended generation after generation, to find genius in the work of a man who, as Wolcott Gibbs once said, "went a long way out of his way to write a poem." To Graves, Virgil is the made poet, the laboriously plodding cultist, the archetype of all official poet-laureates, without spontaneity, humor, insight, or joy in his work.

A book of this kind cannot fail to be readable. Robert Graves's temper is imperishably youthful. He is deeply personally involved in every judgment that he makes. To be sure, he shows the defects of his high spirits. Sometimes his wit frays into mere facetiousness. He does not hesitate to use his erudition as a vehicle for spreading 2,000-year-old scandals, or as a prop to support whims of critical interpretation. But even these caprices may be regarded as assets in the performance of a man who wishes less to instruct than to display and to share his gifts of ardor. Always jealous of his identity as poet and creative artist, Robert Graves has no difficulty here in supporting his claim to originality when he assumes the role of critic.

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Between the Writer and the Reader

"Varieties of Literary Experience: Eighteen Essays in World Literature," edited by Stanley Burnshaw *(New York University Press. 446 pp. $7.50), assembles a miscellany of literate attitudes in the presence of books, authors, or periods. Victor Lange is professor of German literature at Princeton University.*

By VICTOR LANGE

IN ONE of the essays in this volume Cleanth Brooks rightly deplores the gulf in criticism between the literary chit-chat, gossip, and human-interest notes of the popular critics and the serious discussion of literary form and value among the more academic critics. Both modes of rhetoric are in danger of becoming instruments either of promotional interests or of sparring coteries and methodological schools, and are losing sight of the ultimate claims of the work of art itself. The present collection of lively essays is in no sense partisan or parochial; it demonstrates "varieties of literary experience"—a term which the editor, Stanley Burnshaw, wishes us to take seriously and by which he means to indicate the diversity of range and attitude that is represented by eighteen critics who have come to his seminar at New York University to display their craft.

At first sight the book is little more than a miscellany of fairly heterogeneous literary talk: neither unity of method or conviction, nor historical sequence, nor ostensible coherence of subject matter has determined its contents. The essays are mechanically arranged in the alphabetical order of their authors' names; some of them appear to have been published previously, though it is not stated where. In tone, in length and, indeed, in quality, these contributions differ widely.

Yet, as one reads along in the generous fashion that this book requires, one is increasingly fascinated by the cheerful variety of critical temperaments and the altogether unself-conscious performances of perceptive minds. With one or two exceptions we are given not so much a series of critical essays in the academic sense of that term as demonstrations of literate behavior in the presence of books, writers, or periods. The volume is neither a primer of methods nor a collection of manifestoes or *ex cathedra* pronouncements; in fact, if the book has a single denominator it is a pronounced skepticism towards doctrinaire procedures: only Edward Dahlberg's sputtering anger at the current fashion of Moby Dick-idolatry has, with all its magnificent vitality, something stubborn and iconoclastic about it. All other papers are pointedly anxious not to seem categorical.

Van Wyck Brooks's essay, "Literary Criticism: Poet, Poem and Reader," is quite unnecessarily defensive: he argues once again for a specific form of literary esthetics, reiterates many of the tenets of what is, after all, the most significant American contribution to modern criticism, and seems to despair of ever persuading his detractors. Much of the present volume proves that the "New Criticism" is by no means dead; its relevance continues: it has become the indispensable ingredient of all mature ways of contemporary criticism. It would not be difficult to show in some essays of this volume that it cannot be disregarded without risk of producing the kind of vague enthusiasm from which the "New Criticism" should have delivered us.

What strikes me as more significant is the subtitle of Mr. Brooks's talk: the relationship between poet, poem and reader is a recurring issue in several of these papers. In any case, it is a perspective that is among contemporary critics explored more carefully than ever before. M. H. Abrams, for instance, provides the most impressive demonstration of the kind of criticism that has moved beyond the once-fashionable analytical exegesis and the "fascination with the ultra-violet and infra-red discoveries made possible by modern speculative instruments," towards judgments based on historical, formal, psychological, and sociological principles. He examines "Lycidas" precisely from the point of view of poet and reader alike.

A fresh definition of the perennially elusive "romantic sensibility" focuses particularly (in Calvin S. Brown's article) on the incompatibility of the "lyrical" and the "satiric" mode of poetic speech. How to read a masterpiece effectively is the chief concern of many of the essays: John Ciardi modestly supplies "an imperfect gloss" on Dante; Philip Rahv writes on "Crime

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and Punishment"; Henri Peyre on "Madame Bovary"; Angel del Río on the radical ambiguity of "Don Quixote," and Eric Bentley, with a wonderful sense of theatre, on the songs in Brecht's "Mother Courage."

In all these contributions the element of history emerges as a central category beyond all specific attention to textual and stylistic matters: Stephen Gilman speaks with admirable taste and learning of the Spanish novel "Celestina"; Gregor Sebba examines aspects of the Enlightenment sensibility, and John Gassner offers a splendid appreciation of the "Oresteia." These essays, however cautious in method, are sustained by the "perennial disquiet" that Jacques Barzun in his discussion of Diderot recognizes as the compelling effect of all great works of art.

The obverse of the new sense of history is, of course, a sharpened awareness of our own modern forms of experience, and to the topic of "modernism" several of the best essays are devoted: Leon Edel in his essay on "The Sound and the Fury" gives a superb demonstration of the procedures necessary for an understanding of modern fiction;

Germaine Brée shows the assertion of a new sense of moral responsibility in Malraux, Sartre, and Camus; Mr. Burnshaw, in a splendid and exceedingly well-informed survey, describes the three revolutions of modern poetry, and Harry Levin places the "modernist" movement itself in a historical perspective.

It is much more than mere alphabetical coincidence that the concluding reflections should be Lionel Trilling's. In his essay on "The Modern Element in Modern Literature" he testifies to the inescapable demands that our contemporary literature makes upon the critic as teacher: "When the teacher has said all that can be said about formal matters, about verse-patterns, metrics, prose conventions, irony, tension, etc., he must confront the necessity of bearing personal testimony. He must use whatever authority he may possess, to say whether or not a work is true."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 12, 4, 11, 6, 5, 2, 1, 10, 9, 13, 3, 7, 8.

A "Partisan" Opinion

"A View of My Own: Essays in Literature and Society," by Elizabeth Hardwick *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 214 pp. $4.50), relies largely on sensibility to convey the essence of writers as unlike as Caryl Chessman and William James. Gerald Sykes's latest book is "The Hidden Remnant."*

By GERALD SYKES

THIS is exquisite fruit from a date-palm in "the oasis." "The Oasis" was a *roman à clef* by Mary McCarthy said to deal with persons close to the quarterly *Partisan Review*. Most of Elizabeth Hardwick's articles, here collected in her first published volume, appeared originally in *Partisan Review*. They are extremely well written—in a style that might be called Bloomsbury-on-the-East-River, if such a place existed. Their title owes a little to two Bloomsbury-on-the-Thames authors, E. M. Forster, who wrote "A Room with a View," and Virginia Woolf, who wrote "A Room of One's Own."

Since her book is plainly addressed to a few well-read readers who will understand its many unexplained references, and since it relies more on sensibility than on thesis, its peculiar excellence is best conveyed by a sampling of phrases. She is speaking of the interest of William James in religion, which she says is "sometimes an embarrassment to [his] reasonable admirers." She goes on: "His nuts and cranks, his mediums and table-tappers, his faith-healers and receivers of communications from the dead—all are greeted by James with the purest, melting latitudinarianism, nearly disreputable amiability, a broadness of tolerance and fascination like that of a priest at a jam session." Or she speaks of Boswell's hanging about Dr. Johnson's coattails "like an insurance salesman after a policy."

In a paper contrasting French and Anglo-Saxon attitudes toward the literary life, she quotes a well-known line spoken by Gustave Flaubert and reported by the Brothers Goncourt in their "Journals":

> When I was young my vanity was such that if I found myself in a brothel with friends, I would choose the ugliest girl and would insist on lying with her before them all without taking the cigar out of my mouth. It was no fun at all for me; I did it for the gallery.

Her comment follows: "The peculiar sanctity that surrounds our image of Flaubert, the unequaled purity of the man and his art, are not altered by this naked bit of anecdote."

It is a striking if oblique revelation of a critical stand that is shown throughout the book. An extremely intricate problem is judged solely and defiantly in terms of the "sanctity" that Flaubert is presumed to have acquired through lifelong devotion to his art. To deny him his halo would be, moreover, the rankest philistinism.

Without moralizing or philistinizing—indeed, on purely literary grounds—one might remind Miss Hardwick that some of Flaubert's work—"Salammbo," for example—is almost universally recognized as all but unreadable, and that more than one critic has traced his fairly frequent aridity to just such emotional stunts, just such callous indifference to feeling. "What about the girl?" one might ask. "What about his implied contempt for the girl, whom his confession, made years afterwards, still does not recognize as a human being? Do people encountered by writers—great writers, of course—only possess humanity to the extent that they are written about?"

I am quite willing to consider Flaubert a kind of saint, since I love his work and can imagine the rigorous self-sacrifice that made the best of it so good; but professional hagiolatry like this strikes me as even more misguided than that of peasants who superstitiously expect miracles because they burn a candle before a saint's image. The peasants at least have ignorance as an excuse. A literary sensibility that is content with this kind of sanctity, that fails to recognize the academic formula that has long since been made of it, suggests a distinctly incomplete education. A stylistic approach to experience has excluded too much of it from consciousness.

The delicious fruit of "the oasis," then, does not "travel." It is best eaten amid a few well-chosen friends, under the restful clack-clack of date-palms. But Elizabeth Hardwick's essays still have a very fine flavor. They invite comparison with Virginia Woolf, and more than once they deserve it.

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In Pursuit of a State of Mind

"The Public Happiness," by August Heckscher *(Atheneum. 304 pp. $5.75), surveys and analyzes the modern American's role as citizen in the classic sense of the word. Sydney J. Harris is a syndicated columnist for Chicago's Daily News.*

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

TOO MANY books that are published today are simply essays that have been expanded into book form. What they say in 200 pages or more could better have been said in twenty; their intellectual content is a thin paste spread over a wide surface.

"The Public Happiness," although interesting and worthwhile, suffers from the opposite defect: it tries to encompass too much within its pages. Almost every chapter could be made into a book in itself.

Mr. Heckscher begins by pointing out, quite accurately, that "the happiness of man as a citizen, the happiness of the whole state, is largely neglected" in current literature. Indeed, as he says, "the citizen is seen as one who emerges from the anxieties and pleasures of his private existence to cast his vote, or now and then arouse himself from his absorption in goods and gadgets to register a dissent."

While recognizing that "happiness" is a personal matter and not a public one, he suggests that the Aristotelian idea of politics is the path we ought to follow—"politics in the old, classical sense of man in relation to his fellows and the community in relation to a good and meaningful existence."

The individual's personal happiness is shaped by himself, but it "may be enriched or diminished according to the way the person stands to his fellows." How do we, and how should we, stand to our fellows? This is the dual question asked, and partly answered, in this book.

We stand now, he goes on, in the posture of estrangement from one another and from our environment:

> Men can no longer, except in their hobbies and avocations, create things directly as they once did; they cannot possess them in the same objective way. They cannot again find rootedness in an environment they understand and control.

The citizen is now an outsider; science has lost touch with the humane world; the private and the public have merged fuzzily into the "social," and men and women cannot relate realistically to our superfluity of things. There can, therefore, be no "public happiness" until we know what public things are, how they must be regarded, and how they differ from the private and the social realms.

It is from this base of political philosophy that Mr. Heckscher proceeds to discuss such complex, inchoate, and discrete elements in our American civilization as the concept of community, the approach to a foreign policy, the problem of leisure in a technological society, the task of education, the welfare state, the need for city planning and the optimum use of space, and the relationship of the arts to politics.

In all these areas the author has something to say that is useful, suggestive, and thoughtful. His instincts are decent and his values generally sound. But, as is so often the case, his analysis of our ills is more effective than his prescriptions for our recovery. The world is full of acute diagnosticians, but good therapists have always been rare.

Mr. Heckscher's fundamental attitude is Greco-Roman: he values both the largeness and nobility of the Roman temper and the detached, ironic, playful spirit of the Athenian period. Whether these two can be fused is a doubtful matter. The Romans were dreadfully lacking in humor, and the

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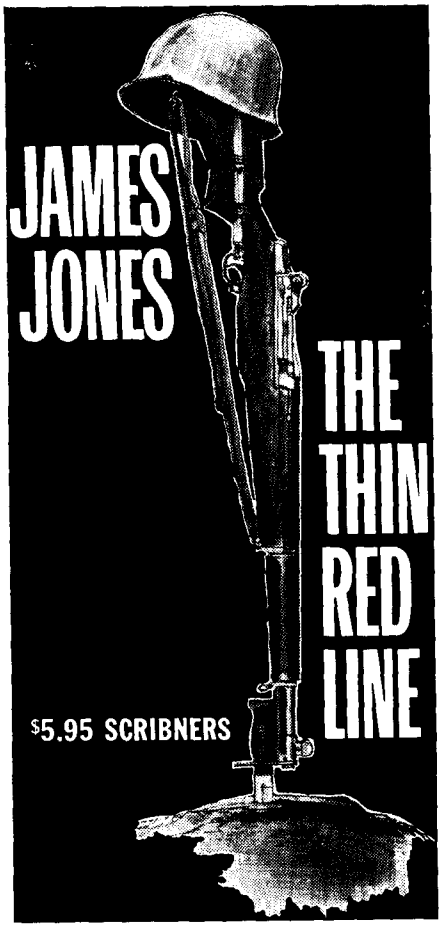

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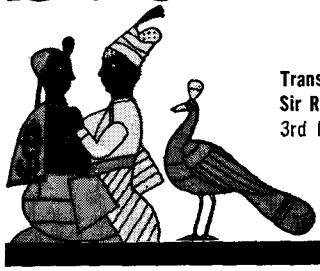

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Greeks were disastrously involved in gamesmanship.

At any rate, the author seems to feel that the modern world offers opportunities both for control and for pleasure if we can change our approach to reality, and are willing to give up the twin traditions of Puritanism and rationalism that are presently hampering our adoption of "a consistent attitude toward society."

Mr. Heckscher is at his best in his description of a proper "organization of space" in the modern community and in his final chapter on the relationship between the arts and politics. He is at his weakest, in my estimation, when he discusses our foreign policy and the demands of the welfare state; he seems to be more at home with the abstractions of ideas than with the dynamics of power.

Although parts of the book are too bland and lofty, reminding one of a high-grade commencement addres which one can agree with and promptly forget, the total effect is that of a civilized man thinking out loud, without passion or animus, and wishing the best for his fellow men. If occasionally his more Olympian passages make us wish for the refractory cragginess of a Paul Goodman, or the passionate dissent of a Milton Mayer, Mr. Heckscher is a pamphleteer of good manners and graceful expression—values too often neglected and forsaken in today's vulgar forum of ideologies.

Born to Be Good

"The Humanization of Man," by Ashley Montagu *(World. 320 pp. $6), holds that evil is not inherent in human nature; it is learned. Geoffrey Gorer, a British anthropologist, is the author of "Exploring English Character."*

By GEOFFREY GORER

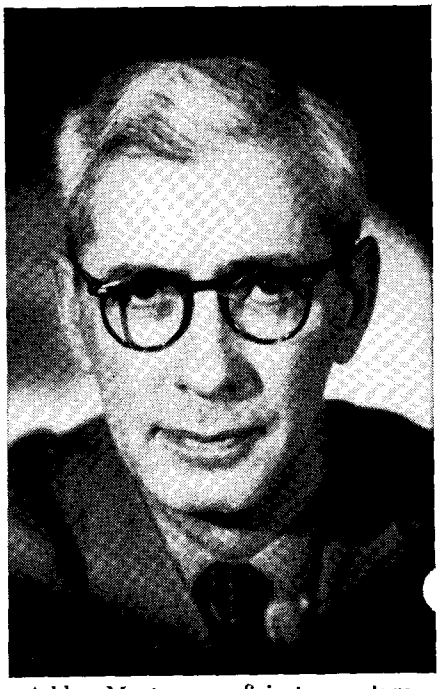
AFTER taking profound thought, and considering carefully the evidence that has come to his notice, Professor Ashley Montagu has come out fearlessly in favor of mother love. Further, he approves of cooperation and disapproves of competition. He demonstrates that radiation is harmful and the atom bomb destructive, that race prejudice is irrational, that education should develop character and not merely provide instruction, that excessive noise is disturbing. These novel ideas are advanced in twenty-eight exhortatory essays, sixteen of which have been published elsewhere during the past twenty years; had the title not already been pre-empted, "The Humanization of Man" might well have been called "Lay Sermons."

Professor Montagu is one of the most distinguished of living physical anthropologists; but in this collection of essays he has not made any use of his specialized knowledge. Nor has he used the precise comparative statements that are habitual in the writings of social anthropologists; occasional comparisons are made between Americans and a conglomerate "European" stereotype or between "advanced" and "primitive" societies; but from internal evidence it would be hard to tell that these essays were written by a professional anthropologist.

The most pervasive theme is that man is born good "and is organized in such a manner from birth as to need to continue to grow and develop in his potentialities for goodness."

> Evil is not inherent in human nature, it is learned. It is not human nature that is at fault, but human *nurture*. Aggressiveness is taught, as are all forms of violence which human beings exhibit. . . . Aggression is the expression of frustrated expectation of love.

To justify these claims, and his ex-



Ashley Montagu—proficient parentage.

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plicit attacks on the Christian conception of the Old Adam and man's fallen nature, Freud's theory of instincts, and the social Darwinism of Herbert Spenser and his followers, Professor Montagu relies almost entirely on two books: "Frustration and Aggression," by John Dollard and others (1939), and "Escape from Freedom," by Erich Fromm (1941). At the time of their publication these books were not without significance; but it does not seem reasonable to treat them as though they had said the last necessary words on the subjects discussed

IN particular, it appears almost perverse to discuss seriously the innate endowment of human infants without paying even verbal attention to the findings of the ethnologists over the last fifteen years. In the light of current knowledge of human and animal innate release mechanisms, Professor Montagu's views appear extremely simplistic.

With this notion of the innate goodness of human beings, there follows an enormous, almost Utopian, overestimation of the power of education: it is assumed that it would be possible to bring up completely unfrustrated individuals; and that desirable attitudes to marriage, parenthood ("parentage" in one of Professor Montagu's numerous neologisms), and aging could be implanted by organizing pertinent school classes:

> Surely, we ought to have organized courses in marriage, parentage and the family in our colleges which everyone should be obliged to take, to study, and be required to show satisfactory proficiency in [!] before being permitted to graduate. . . . One of the objectives we should aim to achieve is the institution in our schools of courses on "Growing Up" and such a course should form part of the general education of every high school and college student. . . . Such a course will dwell not only upon the problems and solutions of aging, but upon the whole process of growth and development in relation to which the process of aging will receive its proper but not undue emphasis.

Professor Montagu does not explore the problem of how the teachers of such courses are to be recruited and trained.

The values advocated in these essays will in general commend themselves to liberal or tender-minded readers; but the claim that these values are derived from contemporary scientific knowledge about human development and human societies can only be rejected. Man, and the societies he has built, are far more complex.

Space Age at Home

"1975: And the Changes to Come," by Arnold B. Barach and the Kiplinger Washington Editors *(Harper & Row. 195 pp. $4.95), deals with the drastic and far-reaching technical developments that may be expected during the next decade and the effects they may have on our way of life. Dexter M. Keezer is economic adviser of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company and family affairs editor of This Week magazine.*

By DEXTER M. KEEZER

WILLIAM KIPLINGER jauntily leads off his Foreword with the observation that "this is a good book." To my mind he is right about it, too. For me, the book does a good, imagination-stretching job in arraying changes that can be expected to reshape our lives over the next dozen years or so. This I count a constructive exercise.

The focus of the book is largely technological. It takes a few passes at economic prospects, including a superlatively bold prescription of good investments for the Seventies and perhaps an even bolder estimate of how much inflation (25 per cent) we will have between now and 1975. (I'll bet we don't, unless we blow up the world along the way, and then it won't make any difference.) But most of its attention is devoted to reporting technical changes, often dramatic and sometimes far-reaching, in such fields as housing, travel (both earthbound and cosmic), communications, and medical therapy that are well along the road to fulfilment.

The authors don't deal with the possible broad cultural and spiritual impacts of the prospective changes they report. Perhaps they are planning a sequel that will do this. Or perhaps—and if so, wisely, I should think—they prefer to let philosophers roll their own in this fascinating but supremely tricky field.

The book is extraordinarily well printed and profusely illustrated. But, oddly enough, the proposition that a picture is worth a thousand words does not hold up in portraying the technological revolution now heading into full stream. Here the words are often more illuminating and convey a more dramatic impression than the pictures that go along with them. (After all, the U.S. model space capsule is a singularly dull-looking convevance.)

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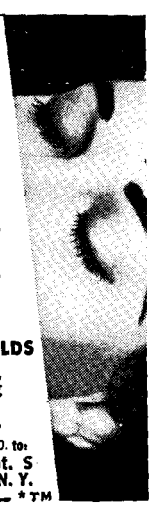

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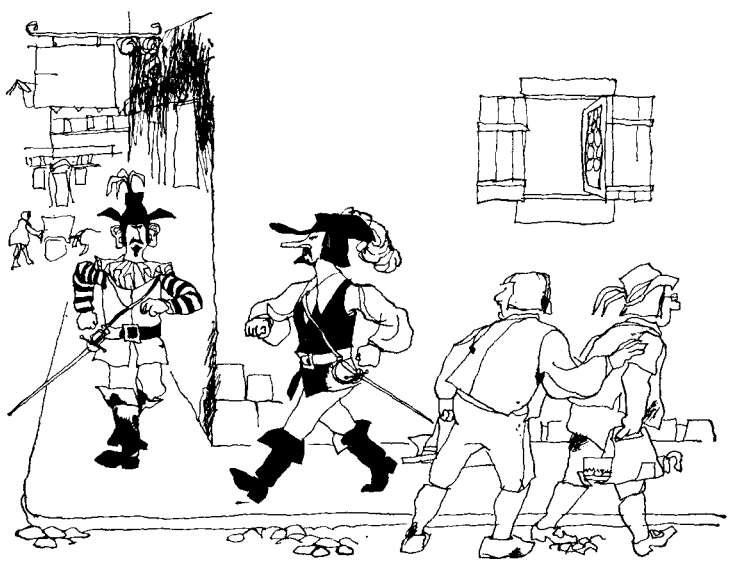
the offing, the authors don't pay much attention to humdrum and prosy changes that may be equally important components of human satisfaction. For example, when I recently polled a very large group of consumers on what, as consumers, they would like to have invented, I heard virtually nothing about such things as thermo-electric appliances and supersonic travel and dishwashing. To my great surprise, one of the front runners was a bathing cap that wouldn't leak, something which I assumed had been perfected decades ago. I was not surprised, however, that there was a pervasive longing for equipment of all kinds to reduce noise.

But whether or not we have any burning desire for many of the fruits of the technological revolution that is nc being speeded by an annual expenditure of more than $15 billion a year for research and development, we are going to get them. By enterprising reporting, Mr. Barach and his associates make a useful contribution to intellectual, and, in some degree, emotional preparedness.

ADAM TO ATOM: What we hopefully call the "History of Civilization" is pictured, a bit askew, in "**The Whites of Their Eyes**" (Dutton, $3.50), a first collection of cartoons by Rowland B. Wilson. General Putnam's immortal words at Bunker Hill are set at naught when the British troops arrive wearing dark glasses; Hannibal's elephants are halted at the border by a Roman customs official; "Destination Istanbul," an espionage thriller of classic confusion on the Orient Express, ends happily with all parties swapping shop talk in the club car.



"Wait a minute . . . I want to watch this."

"He made his money when you could keep it."

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An American in Andersenland

By ALICE DALGLIESH

ON SEPTEMBER 29th, Meindert DeJong of Grand Rapids, Michigan, will go to Hamburg, Germany, to receive the Hans Christian Andersen International Book Award for 1962. With him will be Ursula Nordstrom, his editor at Harper & Row, whose enthusiasm and faith have stood by him through the writing of sixteen books. Once a disagreement arose over a manuscript and, like many an author, he thought other pastures might be greener. His editor wrote, "I'll put a candle in the window for you." It was there when he came back.

The Hans Christian Andersen Award is a medal given every two years by the International Board on Books for Young People to an author who has made a lasting contribution to literature for children or young people. It has previously been awarded to Eleanor Farjeon of England, Astrid Lindgren of Sweden, and Eric Kastner of Germany. Each country submits the names of its candidates, usually through its Library Association. Meindert DeJong is the first American citizen to win the award, and it was given for his whole body of work.

Only a few years ago I sat listening to his acceptance speech when the American Library Association awarded him the John Newbery Medal for "The Wheel on the School," and heard him say that, as you write for children, "you become the teller of tales, as it were, saying to them: 'Come gather around me and listen to me. There was this village of Shora and in it were five houses and in the five houses were six children. Oh, there were other houses and other littler children and older people, but that's not important and all that matters is that in these six children of Shora are you and all the children of the world.'"

Many children of the world have read his stories, for they have been translated into a dozen or more languages. More children, both here and abroad, may now read them for the first time. Some of the books are for younger children, and these are chiefly about the friendships between animals. This year's friendship is between an old horse and a boy, "The Singing Hill," to be published in late October.

Meindert DeJong: "Come gather around me and listen to me."

Others such as "Dirk's Dog Bello" and "The Wheel on the School" are for older boys and girls.

As I reread his group of books his style seemed to reflect the early influence of the Bible, constantly read. There is also his own individual style—the direct storytelling of which he speaks. Often there is sadness, as in "Hurry Home, Candy," or a struggle from which courage and hope emerge. Small details receive loving attention, and this is particularly evident in an unusual story-within-a-story from "Smoke Above the Lane." With gentle humor DeJong tells of a growing friendship, or acceptance, between a tramp and a skunk closed up together in an empty freight car. He writes as if the incident he is describing is all that matters, and so it is to him.

To understand Meindert DeJong one must know something of his philosophy of writing, whether you entirely agree with it or not, and read what his brother David Cornel DeJong has to say about him. David's article and Meindert's Newbery acceptance speech are in *The Horn Book* for October 1955. (Most Children's Rooms in libraries have a file of this magazine.) David tells how Meindert was born in Holland on the day of the great flood in Weirum, when the sea came over the dike. When Meindert was eight—old enough to carry deeply etched in his mind the memories of village life that are found in many of his books—the family came to America. There, as his brother relates, "Mother was continually sick and homesick and there were financial reverses and hunger." Although at first David and Meindert were set back in school by their lack of English, they were "fighting mad to get an education." Both wanted to write and eventually did so.

Meindert graduated from Calvin College, and tried writing stories for small magazines. By this time he was married and it was necessary to do more than experiment with fiction, so for a while he became a bricklayer. During the Depression he worked on his father's farm and this, his brother observes, brought him close to the animals he had always loved. Meindert's first book for children was about them. The struggles of these early days explain the themes that run constantly through his books. There is almost always that of loneliness which leads to friendship and security in the end—an affirmation that children especially need.

During World War II, Meindert DeJong joined the Air Force as wing historian under General Chennault's command in China. He was decorated and received a citation. But for a time after his return he could not write; then there came a great outpouring of books, among them "The Wheel on the School." All were written with the sensitivity so characteristic of him.

Later this month, when this teller of tales goes to Hamburg, he will also return for the first time to his village in the Netherlands. Will it be just as he remembers it? What will it say to him? It will be interesting to know.

Early Books of the Fall

DEAR DRAGON—And Other Useful Letter Forms for Young Ladies and Gentlemen Engaged in Everyday Correspondence. *By Sesyle Joslin and Irene Haas. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 44 *pp.* $2.25. First the ridiculous situation is given, then the letter (in correct form) follows.

> You are sitting in your sitting room tatting when you hear the news that Sir Lancelot unexpectedly encountered a tremendous dragon and the sorcerers and surgeons are being rushed to the bloody scene. Whereupon you pick

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—From "Dear Dragon."

up your pen and this is what you write:

A Get Well Note
February 28, 1962

Dear Dragon:
This little note is to tell you I am thinking about you and hoping that you will soon feel better.
Most sincerely,

The situations will need some mind-stretching on the part of younger children, but they may think up letters even funnier than these. Irene Haas's pictures are a great part of the book, both entertaining and decorative. Varied ages.

TONGUE TANGLERS. *By Charles Francis Potter. Illustrated by William Wiesner. World.* 44 *pp.* $2.95. The fun in this is supplied both by the elaborately difficult tongue twisters and by amusing, attractive pictures. Try that small, deceptively easy one about the "seven small swans swimming." Mr. Potter is a collector of these rhymes and gives brief notes about them at the end of the book. Many of the rhymes are new to me, and some are variants of old favorites. Good fun for all the family.

I WISH I HAD ANOTHER NAME. *By Jay Williams and Winifred Lubell. Antheneum.* 40 *pp.* $3.25. "I wish my name were Abigail/Then I would go and catch a whale." "If my name were Desmond O'Darryl of Dunder/I'd ride on a stallion the color of thunder." Children, many of whom go through this stage, can go on choosing names and making their own rhymes, though an adult may be needed to help in the first reading-aloud of the couplets. The rhymes and illustrations in this book are lively, and one of the pleasant features is that a Negro boy is included in the children's play group naturally and without comment. One cannot help wondering, however, why he is not allowed to choose his own name: it is chosen for him. Ages 5-9.

THE LIBRARY MICE. *By Ann Sanders. Illustrated by Eugene Fern. Ariel.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. There must be an amazing number of mice in libraries. A few years ago we had Mary Little's attractive book "Ricardo," filled with adventurous library mice, plus delightful Puerto Rican children. In the present book the mice take over "after hours," frolic among the books, dance around a cup of punch, and bell the cat (a theme already done to a turn in an early fable and more recently by Mary Stolz in "Belling the Tiger"). There is fun in the pictures, though, with asides for adults—not too subtle ones, such as that of Charlene, the leading mouse, sitting wishfully on "The Power of Wishful Thinking." Ages 7 to 9.

PIGEON FLIGHT. *By Mary Stolz. Pictures by Murray Tinkleman. Harper & Row.* 64 *pp.* $2.50. Charmingly written and amusingly illustrated in decorative black line, "Pigeon Flight" will please a number of people. It is, perhaps, the ideal gift to send a family that has moved to the suburbs but misses the city. Mr. Pigeon has a privileged perch on the head of the statue of General William Tecumseh Sherman, from which he is deposed by a rude bird and so decides to move to the country. Mrs. Pigeon does not care for the plan but, since she is a dutiful wife, she goes along. After various adventures they settle down on a gravestone. Food is scarce and, as you may guess, they are soon back in the city. Both adults and children should enjoy this book with its delightful, pigeon-to-pigeon conversations.

THE THREE-SEATED SPACE SHIP. *By Louis Slobodkin. Illustrated by the author. Macmillan.* 128 *pp.* $3. As those who have read "The Space Ship Under the Apple Tree" know very well, Eddie has a friend called Marty, a Junior Explorer from the planet Martinea. In this amusing, independent sequel, Eddie, his grandmother, and Marty go to London in Marty's space ship and have adventures that include getting mixed up with Scotland Yard. In spite of real space events, space fairy tales will still be popular with children—if they are told with humor like this one. Ages 7-9.

THE GOLDEN SEED. *By Maria Konopnicka. Adapted by Catharine Fournier. Illustrated by Janina Domanska. Scribners.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. "A long time ago there was a king who ruled over a faraway country beyond the mountains. It was a happy and a peaceful land. . . ." So begins this charming folk tale told by a distinguished Polish author and poet who lived between 1842-1910. The land of the king may have been happy but it was also poor, and the king constantly wished for gold with which to help his people. One day there came a caravan of merchants, and among them a wise old man who gave the king a bag of seeds. "If you sow this seed in the ground in the springtime it will flourish and grow into gold." How the seeds grew into something better than gold is the story—for they were the seeds of flax. Janina Domanska's medieval drawings with their jewel-like touches of scarlet and blue and gold make this one of the beautiful books of the fall season. Ages 5-9.

—From "The Golden Seed."

ARCHES AND SPIRES. *By Alfred Duggan. Illustrated by Raymond Briggs. Pantheon.* 87 *pp.* $2.95. This little book with its quiet but fascinating text, and excellent drawings, gives a short history of English churches from Anglo-Saxon times—and explains clearly why the various types of churches were built as they were. There are interesting glimpses of what happened in the Reformation and how the country people saved the treasures of their churches, even hiding baptismal fonts in farmyards as feeding troughs for animals. Fortunately, "by the end of the nineteenth century archeology and art history were beginning to be considered more important than theology," and interesting finds were put on display even though they "conflicted with doctrines of the Church of England." A reading family would enjoy this book together—especially just before a visit to Britain. Ages 12 up.

WORLD PROVIDER: The Story of Grass. *By Sarah R. Riedman. Illustrated by Paul Theobald. Abelard-Schumann.* 191 *pp.* $3.50. For those who may not have thought of grass as an outstanding world provider, this is an enlightening book. Pasture and lawn grasses are discussed and pictured, then the cereals, Indian corn or maize, sugar cane, and bamboo, all of which are members of the grass family. The last chapters are practical: how to select and care for lawn grasses, the problems of soil conservation and crop rotation, and prospects for improving crops. Dr. Riedman has been a professor of biology and now writes popular science books especially on food and conservation. Index. Ages 12-14.

MARS: PLANET NUMBER FOUR. *By Franklyn M. Branley. Illustrated by Helmut K. Wimmer. Revised Edition. Crowell.* 116 *pp.* $3.50. "Two planets nearest the earth hold exceptional interest for us: Venus and Mars. Mars is one of the greatest challenges of modern astronomy. Next to Venus it is the planet of mystery." With our Venus instrument-probe on its way, we shall undoubtedly be attempting the same thing with Mars. Dr. Branley of the Hayden Planetarium has given us a fully revised, interesting, clearly written book about the red planet, explaining all the difficulties we may encounter with regard to probes or manned vehicles. There are efficient, attractive diagrams and illustrations, an index, and suggestions for further reading. Ages 12-16.

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CREATIVE VISION

SIX DECADES OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S ART

In brief exposure time, SR's photography editor has taken a long look at the photographer's art of our century: How far has the "mirror with a memory" come as a medium of expression? What are some of the diverse attitudes, approaches, and artistic purposes of those whose creative vision has shaped both the form and content of that art? ★ *SR is indebted to the Junior Council of the Museum of Modern Art for allowing us to "preview" its 1963 Appointment Calendar (the first illustrated by photographic works from the Museum Collection) in the pictures accompanying this text.*

By MARGARET R. WEISS

IN THE early years of photography, the camera's role was narrowly circumscribed. Its function, as Niépce saw it, was merely "to copy Nature with the greatest fidelity"; to Daguerre, it represented "the process which gives Nature the ability to reproduce herself." And it was this tradition of truth and authenticity—of the camera as a "faithful witness"—that sent Roger Fenton and Brady to document battlefields, Gardner to pinpoint the spike-by-spike progress of railroading, and A. J. Russell and William Jackson to record the expeditions and explorations which were opening up the great Western frontier.

There were others of their time, however, who wanted photography's sphere to be enlarged. The camera should delineate beauty as well as truth, they felt; it should not only mirror nature but improve on it. Thus "pictorial effects" were born—and so were "art photographs," which featured artificially posed studio scenes heavily laced with sentimentality and preciousness. Then, against the pallid academicism of men like Henry Peach Robinson and his followers, came voices of vehement protest. P. H. Emerson put forward his bold theory of "Naturalistic Photography." Salon exhibits were organized, and selections were made by juries composed only of photographers. The struggle for recognition of pictorial photography as a fine art—of photography as an art medium in its own right—was under way.

But internecine strife between the exponents of "pictorial" vs. "pure" photography continued. Foundering in a sea of semantic confusion as to what was "true to nature," Emerson retracted his theory; it was Stieglitz who picked up the fight for photography's recognition as an independent art where Emerson left off.

With a calmer logic, Stieglitz reasoned that technical processes were not the determinant of photographic purity, for what some regard as a "faked" print may well be accomplished by "straight" photographic methods. More concerned always with the photographer's own vision and purpose, he concluded that "the result is the only fair basis for judgment. It is justifiable to use any means upon a negative or paper to attain the desired end."

Such, in brief, was the heritage of

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twentieth-century photography. By the early 1900s, emphasis was being placed on the straightforward, direct use of the camera; a widened scope of visualization and technique was becoming apparent. To men like Stieglitz and Steichen, to Sheeler and Strand, there was no doubt about either photography's potentialities or its limitations—or, indeed, about its ability to function as a distinct medium with an aesthetic that was purely its own.

On the wave of this fresh outlook and new insight, total concern with the camera's role and its processes could slowly relent to include consideration of the man behind the camera. There was growing awareness that what Cartier-Bresson has termed "the eye within" is as important as "the eye without"—that the quality of a photographer's primary vision and intent determines the quality of his work as much as the technical means which give the elusive image tangible form.

All photographers have to work with the same elements—with light and space, with the compositional elements of tone, line, mass, and texture that light renders in space. Through these they must express both the image seen and their emotional response to it, exerting all the technical means at hand to create not a facsimile of reality but an entirely new photographic reality. The union of creative insight and strong supporting techniques must be complete if the picture is to be more than a banal record of immediate experience. To read and reveal love or fear on a face, to catch and communicate the beauty or terror of a given instant, is inspired transformation of authentic raw material into art that will endure.

Contemporary photography has given us numerous examples of such transformation. The list multiplies as fast as memory can recall: Steichen's dramatically lighted personality studies, Nell Dorr's lyric tributes to childhood, Berenice Abbott's portraits of the city, Walker Evans's architectural Americana, the experimental abstractions of Man Ray and Mohóly-Nagy, Harry Callahan's black twigs on snow and white weeds on black grass, Ruth Bernhard's "forms wthout faces," Edward Weston's close-ups of nature's rhythmic forms and surface textures, the photo essays of Robert Capa and W. Eugene Smith, Aaron Siskind's expressionistic interpretation of the New England scene, Robert Doisneau's documentary vignettes, the classic compositions of Ernst Haas, John Szarkowski's "faces" of Minnesota and façades of Louis Sullivan architecture, the Farm Security Administration-sponsored series of Arthur Rothstein and Dorothea Lange, among others.

Upon closer examination, some of the works show striking similarities and differences in the creative attitudes with which the photographers have ap-

EDWARD STEICHEN: "Rodin-le Penseur" (1902)—a romantic portrait study and an early experiment in synthesis of deliberately posed picture elements.

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NELL DORR: "Young Mother and Child" (c. 1950)—painterly treatment of the traditional Madonna pose glorifies subject by the gift of grace.

proached their subject matter. There are other parallels and contrasts, too, to be found not only in the subjects chosen but in the artistic purpose behind the choice.

In Steichen's study of "Rodin," we see a classic experiment in synthesis: picture elements deliberately posed and "sitting" for their portrait. A strong sense of design brings fluid rhythms to the sculptured forms; dramatic lighting lends a romantic aura to the finely balanced composition. Similarly, the "Young Mother and Child" of Nell Dorr's creative vision is experimental in pproach. Her Madonna-like subject did ot just "happen," nor was it waiting to be "discovered"; it was carefully and obviously posed, then given a traditional "painterly" treatment. In neither of these examples was there concern with the strictly topical or temporal, but rather with emulating the timeless quality of a portrait by an Old Master.

Interestingly enough, as Minor White points out, painters have actually stamped on experimental photography a painter's way of seeing. Steichen was doubtless influenced in his early experimental work by the years he spent in front of his easel. Man Ray and Mohóly-Nagy were painters before they began creating abstractions with a camera. Yet there is a marked difference between how painters and photographers see. "The painter understands the world of vision because it passes through him and out his fingertips; the photographer understands it directly through his eyes. For the first, to paint is to understand and experience vision; for the second, to see is vision."

Berenice Abbott's interpretation of the city scene, on the other hand, is the antithesis of the romanticized or the purely experimental. Her "Lincoln Square" is an almost surrealistic rendering of architectural elements. With emphasis on pure form, the photographer disclaims the viewer's need of perspective and clear spatial relationships for interpreting the image presented. Another exponent of the surrealistic attitude is Ernst Haas. His "Priest-Positano" exemplifies this primary attention to classic forms and design, to patterns made by the interplay of light and shade on surface textures.

A comparison of a Haas picture with one of Robert Frank's photographs

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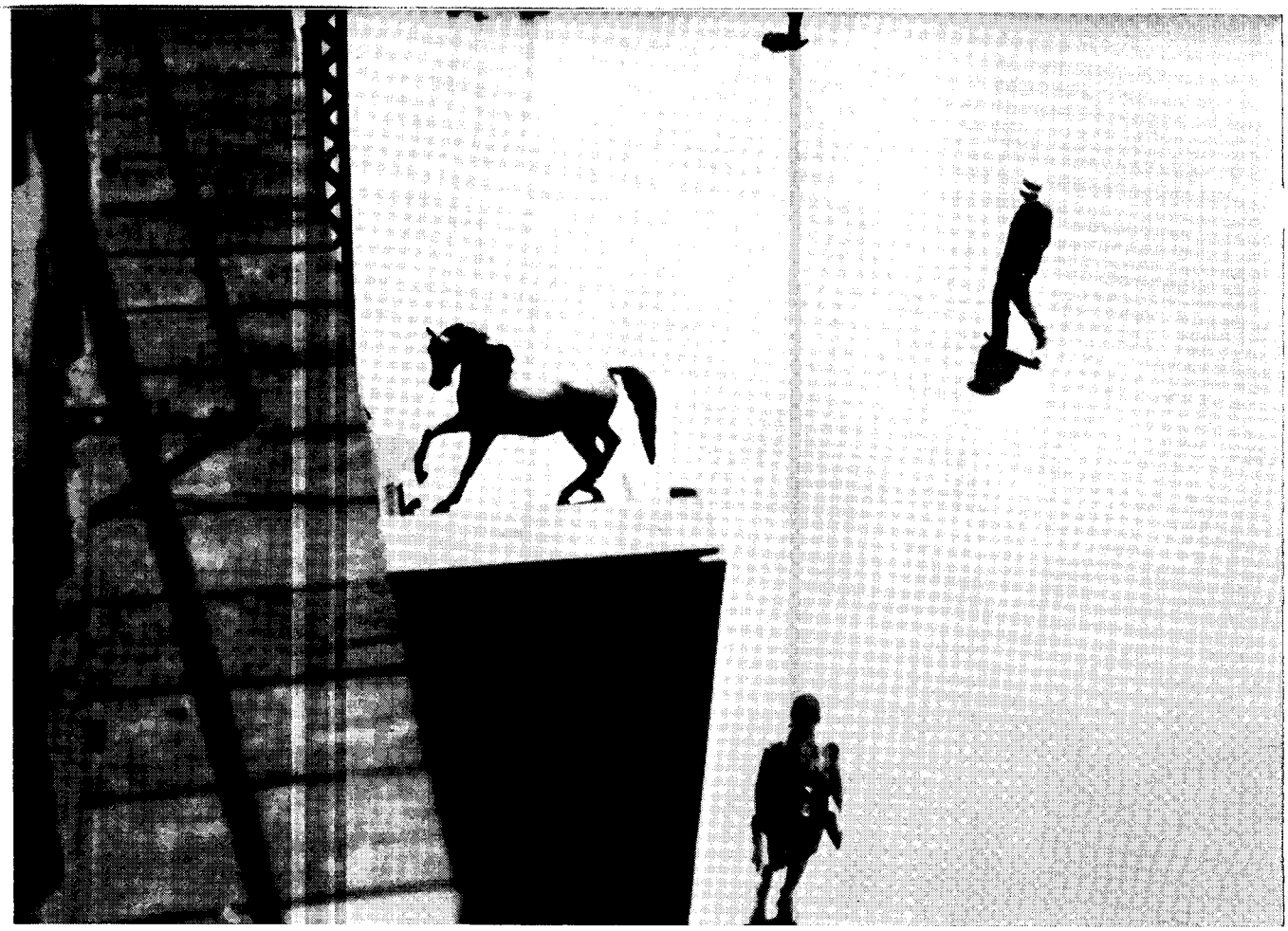

BERENICE ABBOTT: "Lincoln Square" (c. 1930)—surrealistic approach emphasizes pure form, with little clue to actual perspective or spatial relationships.

ERNST HAAS: "Priest-Positano" (1953)—interplay of light and dark, shadow and substance, puts emphasis on classic forms and design first.

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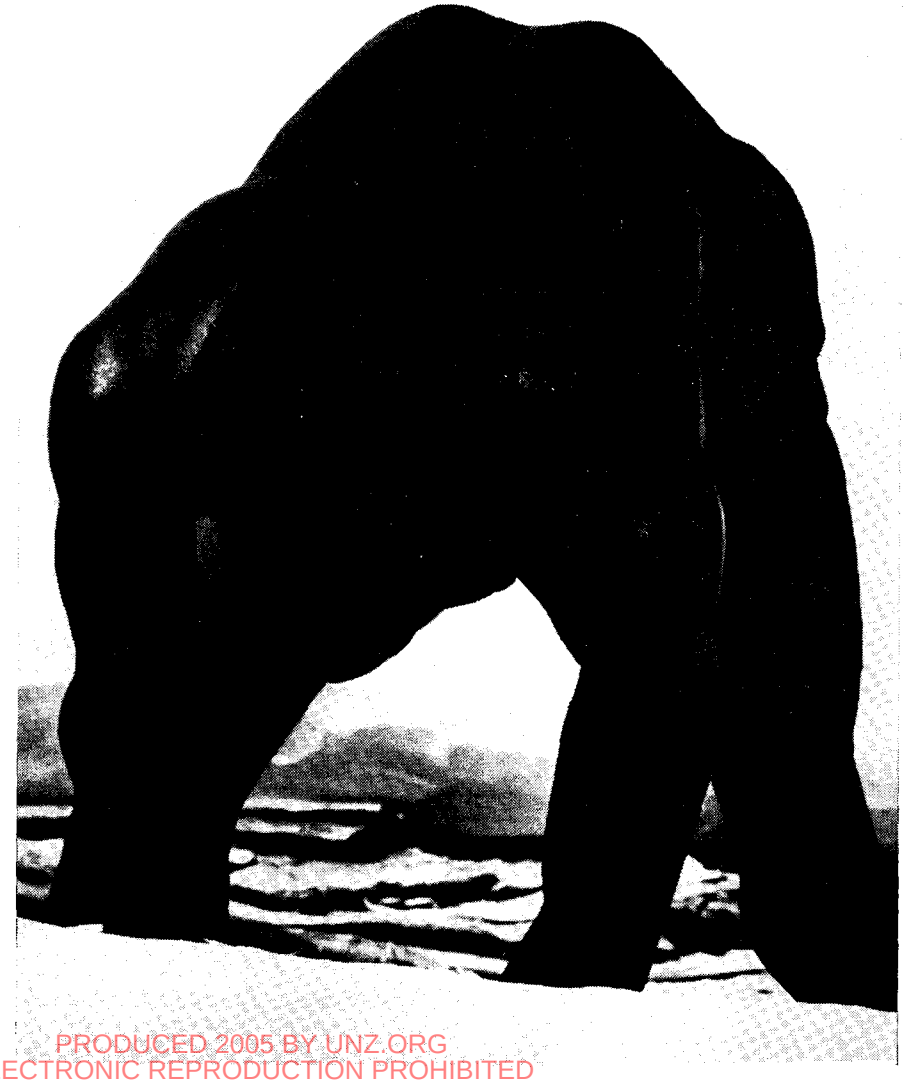
ROBERT FRANK: Untitled (London, 1952)—a documentary that is more matter-of-feeling than matter-of-fact in approach.

reveals another difference in contemporary attitudes. For Frank, the free expression of his emotional reactions to his subject is of first consideration. He is frankly expressionistic, has no urge to be "objective" in what he records (though he applied for—and received—a Guggenheim Fellowship for a project that would allow him "to create an *authentic document* of our times whose pictorial power is so great than any explanation is superfluous").

Frank himself admits his documentation has been criticized for its extremely subjective point of view. "But," he argues, "life cannot be a matter of indifference to the photographer. Personal opinion often consists of a kind of criticism—but criticism can grow out of love. It is important to see what is unapparent to others: perhaps hope in a glance, perhaps despondency. Besides, it is always the photographer's own spontaneous reaction to what he sees that creates the photograph."

Frank's vision strips the mask from reality, but not without compassion—perhaps even with a hidden love—for the lonely people in search of themselves or in flight from themselves, all those fearful of facing the crowd or their own emptiness. For him, "black and white are the colors of photography



KEN HEYMAN: Untitled (Nigeria, 1962) —expressionistic, strongly subjective, starkly simple treatment universalizes subject by elimination of unimportant detail.

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. . . they symbolize the alternatives of hope and despair to which mankind is heir."

Expressionism appears as a strong current in the visions of many present-day photographers, Heyman and v- der Elsken among them. This ma, reflect a trend of disenchantment with the purely abstract or nonobjective, disinterest in the merely pictorial or representational, rebellion against the all-fact-and-no-fancy type of documentary.

Perhaps even those who approach their subjects as strict documentarians are realizing that "the camera does not lie" is at best only a useful fiction. The factual, the true, the real—these are what the documentary photographer is supposed to record; subjectivity is something to be kept hidden. But though his personal emotional reactions are subordinate, they are nonetheless present and account for the ultimate choice of one subject instead of another.

For a documentary to accomplish its

ED VAN DER ELSKEN: "St. Germain-des-Pres" (1953)—evocative, warmly nostalgic; a leaf from the photographer's book "Love on the Left Bank."

ROBERT DOISNEAU: "Le Tableau dans la Vitrine du Collectionneur Romi" (1949)—a moment of the passing parade of city life "framed" in a shop window.

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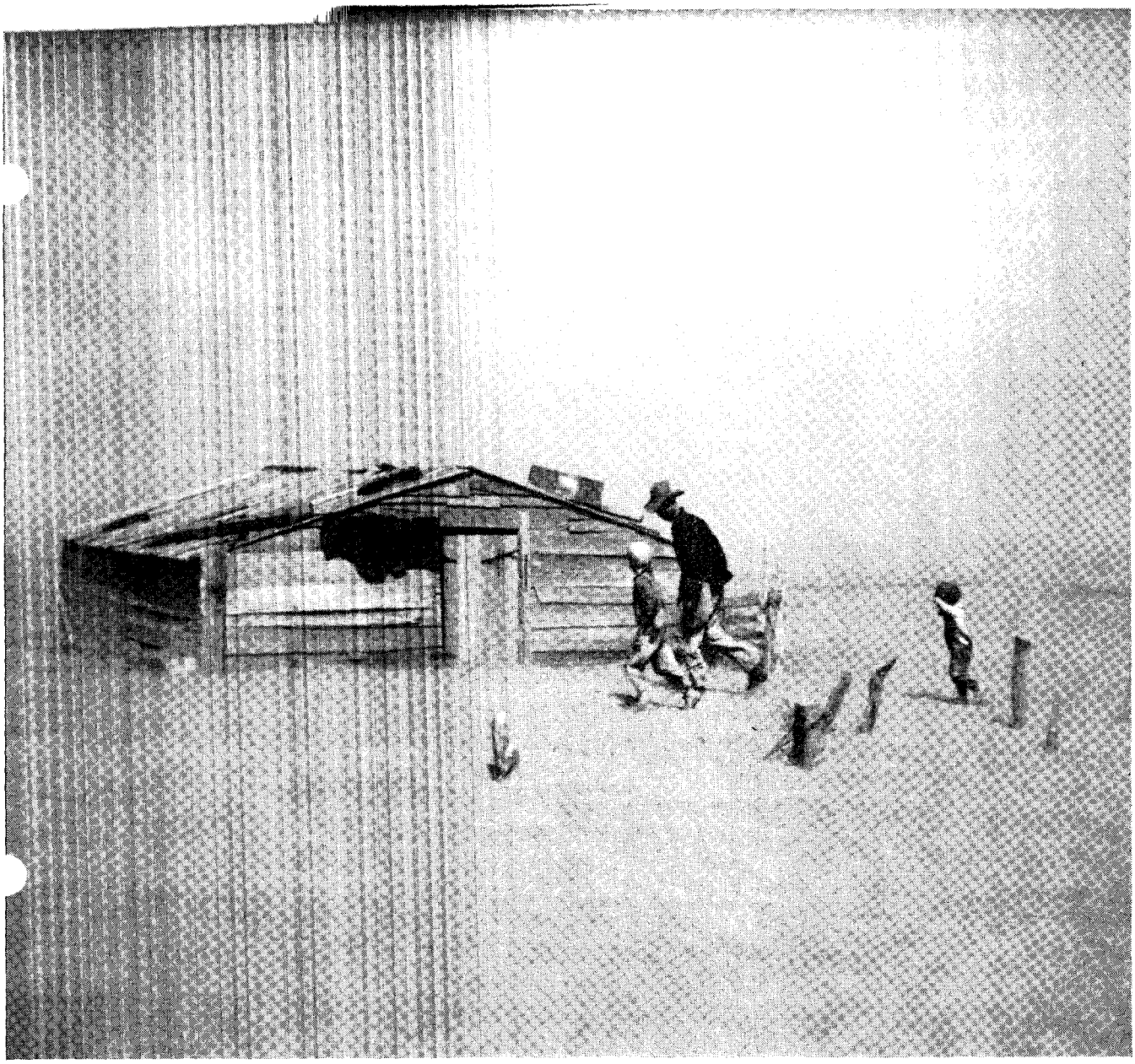

—FSA—LOOK.

ARTHUR ROTHSTEIN: "Dust Storm, Cimarron County, Oklahoma" (1936)—propaganda made aesthetically pleasing in a documentary record of the plight of the farm family in a stricken area.

purpose, it must be both informative and convincing. Ideally, it should be pictured with insight rather than slant, true to the Baconian concept that "the contemplation of things as they are, without error or confusion, without substitution or imposture, is in itself a nobler thing. . . ."

In the broadest sense, a documentary is created whenever "things as they are" are depicted. Any phase of human existence, character, or activity is potential subject matter if shown realistically and convincingly in its natural environment. That is why there is such wide diversity among documentary photographs, allowing as disparate subjects as an Oklahoma dust storm and a nch antique dealer's shop window to coexist in the same classification.

Photographed for the Farm Security Administration, Rothstein's interpretation of tragedy in a stricken farm area reported conditions factually, but with a depth of insight and feeling adequate to make it effective as propaganda. This aspect of the documentary—emphasis on plight and poverty rather than on privilege and plenty—is the one usually called to mind when the word is mentioned.

Yet the documentarian walking the streets to discover people off guard in characteristic poses records rich or poor, gay or sad, with equal integrity. He comes upon his subjects as Doisneau does, in the spirit of Balzac who knew "the art of walking the streets reaps a harvest of delights borne in on the tides of life that ebb and flow within the city's walls with every hour."

Regardless of subject or avenue of approach, every great photograph magically catches a moment that outlasts the day—or the year—and lives for all time. It is perhaps worthy of note here that this must also echo the feelings of those responsible for the Museum of Modern Art's 1963 Appointment Calendar. For though the dated pages are intimately concerned with time, the appointment sheets are arranged so that they may be removed, leaving a timeless album of some of this century's finest photographic achievements.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since 1959, SR has brought its readers a report on the annual exhibit "Photography in the Fine Arts." Because the heavy schedule of museum commitments for the showing of the already existing PFA exhibits has made it impractical to circulate another one this year, PFA IV has been deferred until early in 1963. At that time we shall devote a special supplement to the activities of PFA.*

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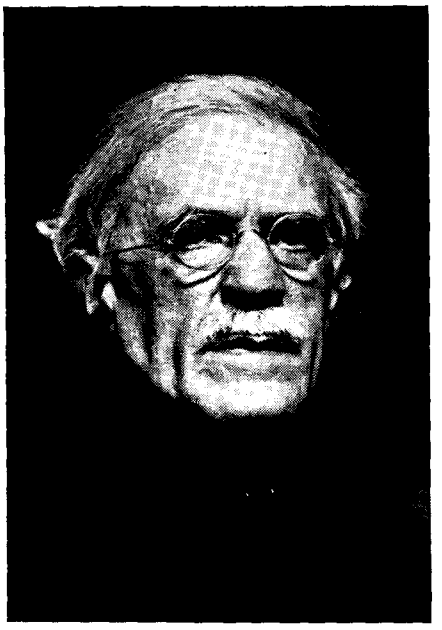
STIEGLITZ AND CARTIER-BRESSON



—*Photos by Dorothy Norman.*

(Left) Stieglitz (1933); (Right) Cartier-Bresson (1946)—"Note that one of his eyes looks out, the other in . . . echoing Cartier-Bresson's own words, 'With one eye that is closed, one looks within. With the other that is open, one looks without.'"

By DOROTHY NORMAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To the "swifter eye" alone belongs the vision—the special insight that brings new directions, new dimensions to an art form. Such has been the contribution of the two master photographers discussed here. As photographer and critic, Mrs. Norman's association with both men has been a long, close one. She is the author of "The Heroic Encounter" and "Alfred Stieglitz: Introduction to an American Seer," and a contributor of articles, reviews, and photographs to publications in this country and abroad.*

BRIDGING virtually half a century, the visions of Alfred Stieglitz and Henri Cartier-Bresson represent two major breaks with existing traditions in modern photography. Just as there was nothing in the photographic world of the early 1880s to foreshadow either the nature or the quality of Stieglitz's delicate, fully realized contact prints, so when Cartier-Bresson began to photograph in the 1930s, his portrayals of life made at what he called "decisive moments" were sharply at variance with what had gone before.

Beginning in the late 1880s, Stieglitz waged a most passionate battle to gain recognition for photography as an art form to be respected on the same basis as any other already accepted medium of expression. It was primarily the quality of his own prints that helped win this fight, and ultimately opened the doors of leading museums to photographs of distinction.

Stieglitz had set the highest of standards in whatever he undertook to do. Impatient with the failure to "follow through" in one's work to one's maximum capacity, he rebelled against the carelessly made print or enlargement; against the unfelt, the academic and dogmatic. He refused to accept the notion that photographs were to be acquired more cheaply "by the dozen." He knew that each new print, for the creative artist, is a fresh experience, impossible to repeat.

In his later years Stieglitz refused increasingly to permit his prints to be reproduced, unless at least some semblance of the sense of touch, the heartbeat, the spirit of his work might be preserved. It became more and more difficult to buy his original prints. He was constantly challenging the public to respect the work of art as a sacred symbol of that which cannot be bargained for, cannot "be bought." This he did even while simultaneously fighting for ever higher prices for the work of other living artists in whom he believed—again as a mark of respect, and so that they might continue to create in untrammeled fashion.

DURING the very period in the 1930s when Cartier-Bresson's work was first shown in New York, Stieglitz was holding the last exhibitions of his own photographs. At the very moment when he had to put down his by now too-heavy-to-carry, old-fashioned cameras and tripods, never again to make his sensitive, often extremely long, f/64 exposures, Cartier-Bresson was setting forth to photograph the world with the latest quick-action Leica and the fastest films.

The fact that the talented young Frenchman should be working within the framework of the newly evolving mass media, and not making his own prints (even though he carefully supervised them), came at first as something of a shock. He appeared to be betraying the very tradition Stieglitz had fought so hard to establish over [illegible] years. Yet the truth of the matter that Cartier-Bresson has, in many important respects, actually extended Stieglitz's battles. From the very beginning of his career, Cartier-Bresson has helped to achieve a new respect, at the *popular level*, for the first-rate photographer as artist; again primarily by way of his own moving portrayals of "life itself being lived."

Cartier-Bresson has protested, from the very first, against being "assigned" to cover or document events in the preconceived manner in which editors envision them. He has succeeded in helping to establish the fact that the eye of the true artist is quite as significant as what is depicted; that it is, in itself, an event of the foremost importance.

It has been essentially as a result of his work and attitude that more and more editors throughout the world have begun to realize that simply to *tell* a photographer what to do is entirely pointless; that what matters, above all, is to choose a creative artist who, by his very nature, will both be one with what he photographs and have the power to transform it. For in that magic split-second in which a pict is born, both the outer world that has been revealed and the inner world of the artist will inevitably have undergone a change. Thus no one other than

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the artist himself can dictate what his eye is to register.

Stieglitz, who had an analogous view of the artist's role, also fought for the freedom to put down what one truly experiences, rather than what one is *supposed* to see and feel. He, too, was an integral part of what he photographed, insisting always that one could portray meaningfully only that which moves one at the very core of one's being; that what one creates must be expressed in sacred and reverent spirit—with profound respect for one's medium, for the materials used, for whatever one photographs. "If what one makes," he proclaimed, "is not created with a sense of wonder; if it is not a form of love-making; if it is not created with the same passion as the first kiss, it has no right to be called a work of art."

FROM the very beginning of his career, as a student in Europe, Stieglitz tirelessly developed and printed his own work. During the 1880s he walked rapturously throughout the countryside of Europe, portraying both its beauties and the dignity of simple people at one with their tasks and their way of life. He made deeply felt prints of hitherto unsurpassed quality, looking at life itself as his inspiration, rather than at already created works of art. His photographs were sharply defined, yet warmly human; modeled with brilliant clarity, yet subtly tender.

Carrying his cumbersome equipment with dedicated patience, he disapproved of shooting at random; of using either short-cuts or trickery to achieve maximum print quality and profundity of statement. Possessed of the staying power to wait with utmost patience for the "living moment," he also made ingeniously daring experiments, ever trying out new films, papers, and methods of working. Impatient with his professors' preconceived notions about the "impossible," he succeeded in extending the limits of what could be done in photography in unprecedented fashion.

When platinum paper was no longer obtainable, Stieglitz grieved. How could one ever again achieve the kind of print quality that alone could satisfy? But then he made a characteristic decision: He would use the most ordinary of papers available. He would push them to their maximum effectiveness, in order to demonstrate that if one cared sufficiently, one could make even the most commonplace material *sing*—just as he succeeded in making the most seemingly commonplace of objects "sing" in his masterful prints.

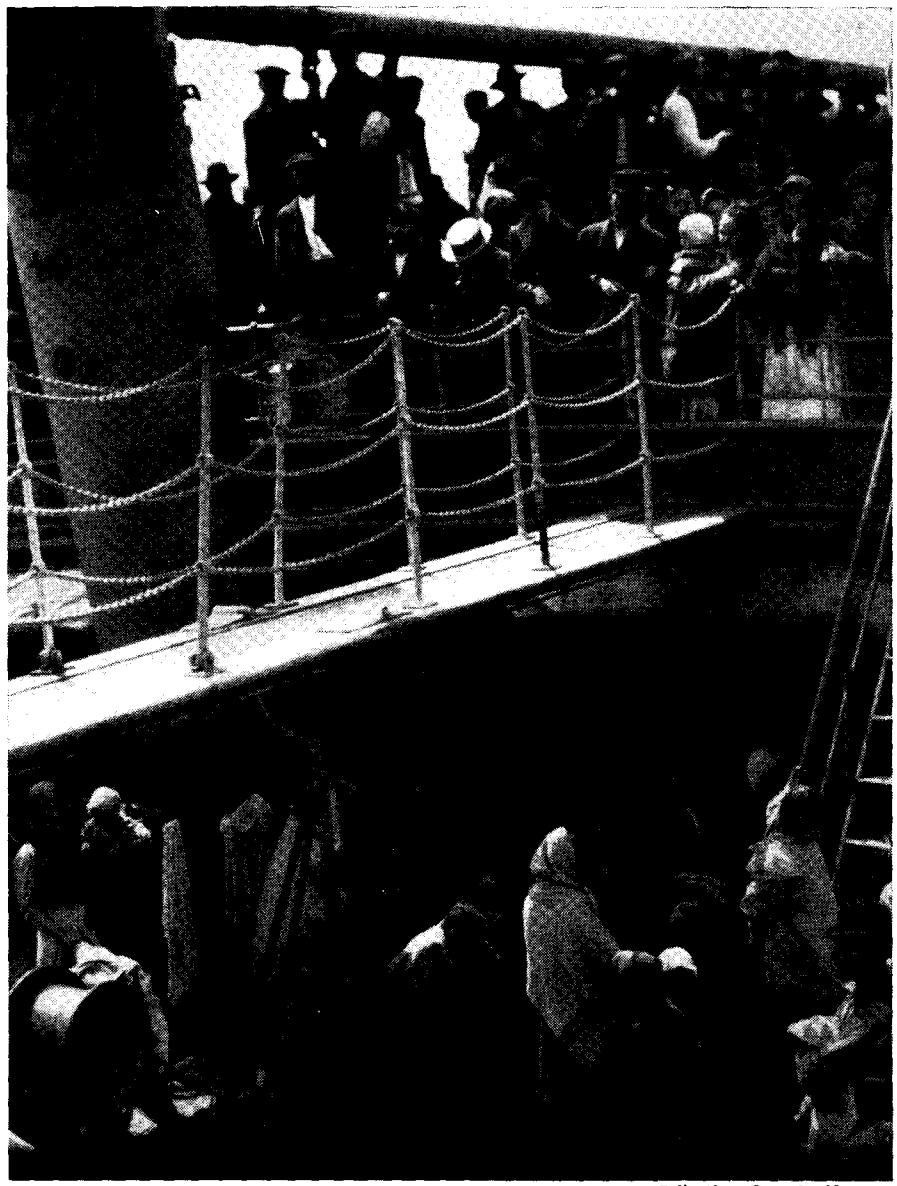
Throughout his life he was to hold firmly to his early principles: "I . . . never drew—painted—had any art lessons—never desired to draw—never tried to—never dreamt that I might be or become an artist—knew nothing about any of those things when I started photographing. . . . There was no fool-proof photographing—no 'art world' in photography.

"I started with the real ABC—at the rudiments—and evolved my own methods and own ideas virtually from the word go—even to the method of learning the ABC. I guess I was a born revolutionist. . . .

"I was discovering a world of my own—of endless mysteries and miracles which I gradually came to analyze and understand without losing the sense of wonder—Every step in development intensified my ever growing passion—photography—living. Every photograph was really nothing more than an experiment in life—and in technical work."

PHOTOGRAPHY became for Stieglitz a philosophy, a way of life: "Photography is my passion, the search for truth my obsession." When he entered his photographs in the 1887 London Amateur Photographers' Competition, he won first prize, awarded by the then Dean of *Pictorial Photography*, P. H. Emerson, the latter terming the unknown young American's pictures the only spontaneous work shown.

Artist friends in Germany, upon see-



—*Collection, Dorothy Norman*

STIEGLITZ: "The Steerage" (1907)—"I went as far forward on deck as I could . . . I stood alone, looking down, spellbound . . . The whole scene fascinated me. . . . I saw shapes related to each other . . and underlying that, the feeling I had about life . . . A new vision . . . held me. The people . . . the feeling of ship and ocean and sky . . . the sense of relief I experienced at being away from my surroundings in first class . . . Rembrandt came into my mind, and I wondered would he have felt as I was feeling."

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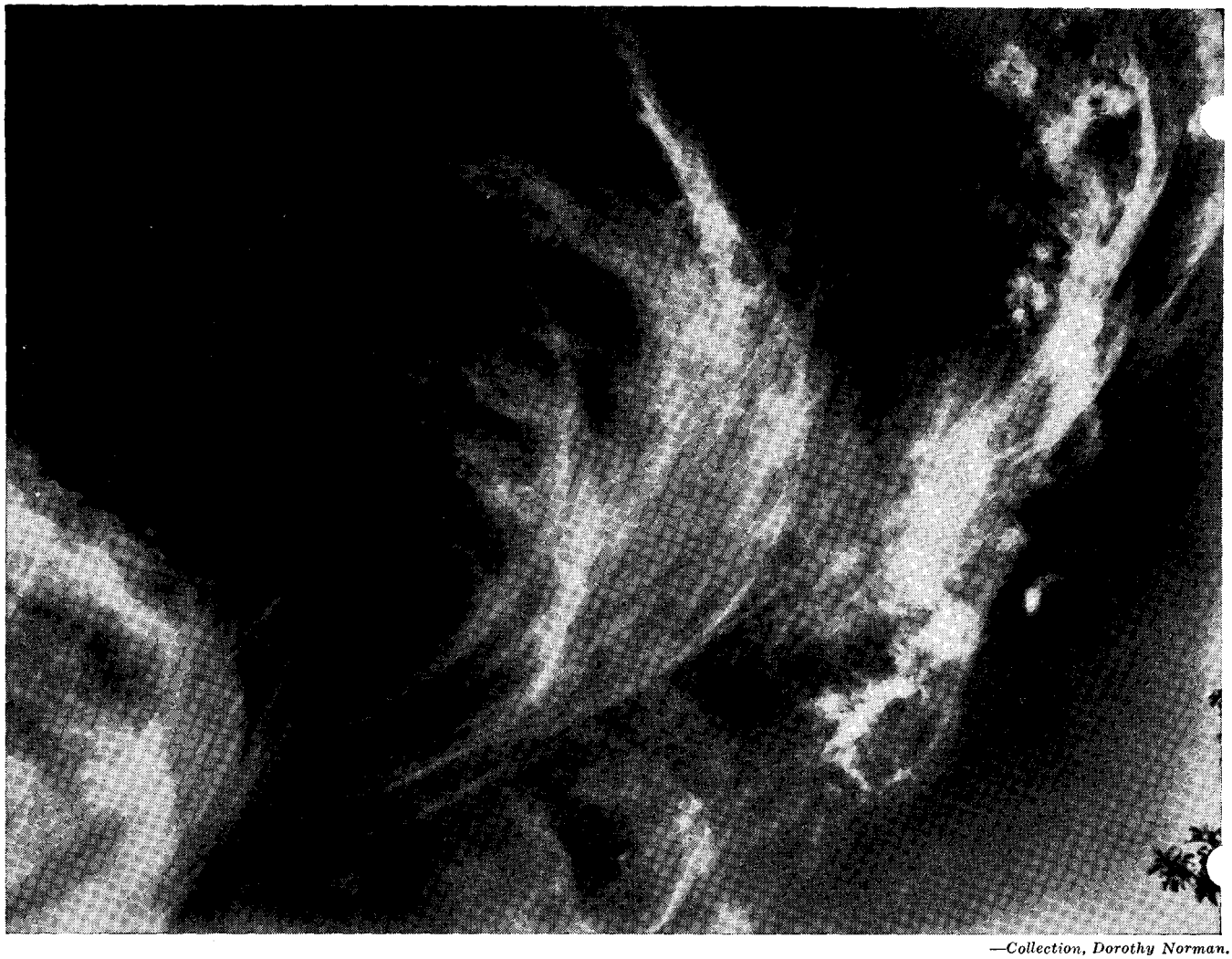

—*Collection, Dorothy Norman.*

STIEGLITZ: "Equivalent" (1930)—"I look upon my cloud photographs as equivalents of my deepest experience of life . . . In reality all of my photographs—indeed all works of art—are equivalents of the artist's deepest experience of life. I have felt that in photographing clouds, no extraneous or distracting pictorial . . . factors have come between the picture and those who behold it."

ing Stieglitz's early photographs in the 1880s, declared that they envied him, wishing they could paint the way he photographed: "They claimed to feel my photographs superior to their paintings. But, they would add, unfortunately, photography was not an art. . . . I could not understand why these artists should envy me for my work, yet, in the same breath, decry it because it was Machine-Made—their 'art' painting —because Hand-Made—being considered necessarily superior. . . . Then and there I started my fight, or rather my conscious struggle for the recognition of photography as a medium of expression to be respected in its own right, on the same basis as any other art form."

As a result of the inspired manner in which he himself utilized a camera, Stieglitz came to realize that it was by no means necessarily the machine-as-such that was in danger of enslaving or depriving man. He affirmed the positive potentials of the new era evolving before his eyes, even while warning against its accompanying dangers, at a time when virtually all other artists tended simply to deny it. By way of his own challenging statements, and the superb quality of his work, he became one of the great prophetic transformers of his epoch.

WHEN Stieglitz returned to New York in 1890, he was lonely and bewildered. He missed the beauty, craftsmanship, and vital tradition of the arts he had found in Europe. He walked the streets of New York as he had walked throughout Europe. He made memorable portraits of the city and its people, as well as thousands of other prints of richly varied subject matter.

When he later began to photograph the sky, he called the prints he made "equivalents." Finally he called all of his work—in fact, all art—an "equivalent" of the artist's most profound inner experience of life.

In the last years of his photographic career, he not only turned his eyes to the skies, but he ceased going forth to photograph at all. He had begun to feel that whatever was happening directly around him, in microcosm, was symbolic of what was happening in the world at large. He came to this conclusion precisely during the period when the remarkable young Cartier-Bresson had begun to travel to the far corners of the world, in order to photograph concrete moments in the everyday world—"to trap life," as he describes it; to preserve life itself "in the act of living."

"It is not," Cartier-Bresson maintains, "that one is moved to go to a particular place every day. But, suddenly, one has a compelling feeling, and then one goes. People often say that I have been in the right place at the right time. What they really mean is that I follow the newspapers, in order to get a sense of what is happening in the world. *But I also follow my intuition.*"

For Cartier-Bresson, as for Stieglitz before him: "To make a photograph is not a matter of editorializing or ad-

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vertising—of making a so-called document. One does not begin to make a photograph with a preconceived idea, nor is one ever satisfied with mere technique. It is only a deep humanism that matters, whose concerns are beyond merely practical considerations of the moment. What is involved is the act of love. But you do not go about 'looking for love.' You find what you bring to whatever you experience."

"At times," Cartier-Bresson explains, "I actually have discovered that greater 'commercial' demands have been made when I have done free-lance work, than when I have been commissioned to do a particular job. But what is important, under all circumstances, is to be able to be true to one's own vision. If one feels one must 'document,' one can be forced into a position of taking quite as bad pictures as if one is forced into 'advertising,' without being able to work with integrity.

"We must be able to evoke, not simply document. We are 'writers,' not telephone books. When an assignment is not right for one, no good can come of it.

"It is only when we photograph," he states with quiet dignity, "to satisfy something within ourselves, that we do our finest work; that what we create can have any sacred meaning. The fact that we make a living through what we do changes nothing. If only we put down what we have experienced with full intensity, with total integrity. We must express that within ourselves which is in tune with what we see in our lens. We must be functioning on the same wave length as what we photograph. What we have to say is a manifestation of our being in agreement both with ourselves, and with the world that we photograph.

"Photography is not anything," he believes, "if it is not a total involvement with one's own deepest experience, in relationship to the experience of others. It is a way of understanding, a process of the spirit. Photography is what we learn by way of our intuition. If what we portray is tricky or false, we obviously will not have made anything of significance. If our work does not stem from love, what we project will be hollow.

"Naturally," he adds, "it is only once in a while that a truly great experience occurs, and hence a great picture. Moreover, any photograph one makes, in order to have significance, must be an implication involving one's entire life."

Stieglitz and Cartier-Bresson have spoken in almost identical words. Stieglitz invariably said that it was his purpose, in whatever he did, to hit not only the center of the center of the bull's eye, but the point even beyond that. Similarly Cartier-Bresson had declared: "It is always a something-more that is crucial in any relationship or experience we have—whether with regard to a photograph we make, or anything else we do in life. Something more, and then what we do with it. We make a photograph because we are in love with what we express, but we are also in love with that something more. If we put down anything less, our statement must inevitably lack vitality. It will lack that something more. 'Humanism,' itself, has to do with a being beyond the wanting of anything from the moment. What is of importance in life is the giving oneself totally to the moment, and then to something even beyond."

Both artists have experienced the creative act as taking place in a split-second; as stemming from a gradual unfolding—a depth of intuition, presupposing the existence of a most subtle and profound intellect, functioning the rest of the time, except at the instant of releasing the shutter. Both have known clearly that the moment of *having* to photograph springs neither from deliberate planning, nor from knowing, but rather from already having felt it, recognized it. Not by way of a mental process, but through already having lived it—through being at one with it. Stieglitz expressed it: "The act came first and only then the word." Cartier-Bresson has stated, in related manner: "Art has nothing to do with organizing the imagination; with consciously setting out to create a 'work of art'; with preconceived creed or doctrine."

Both men have realized that what

CARTIER-BRESSON—in Queyras, in the French Alps. Farmers start to work their land as soon as the snow melts.

—Magnum.

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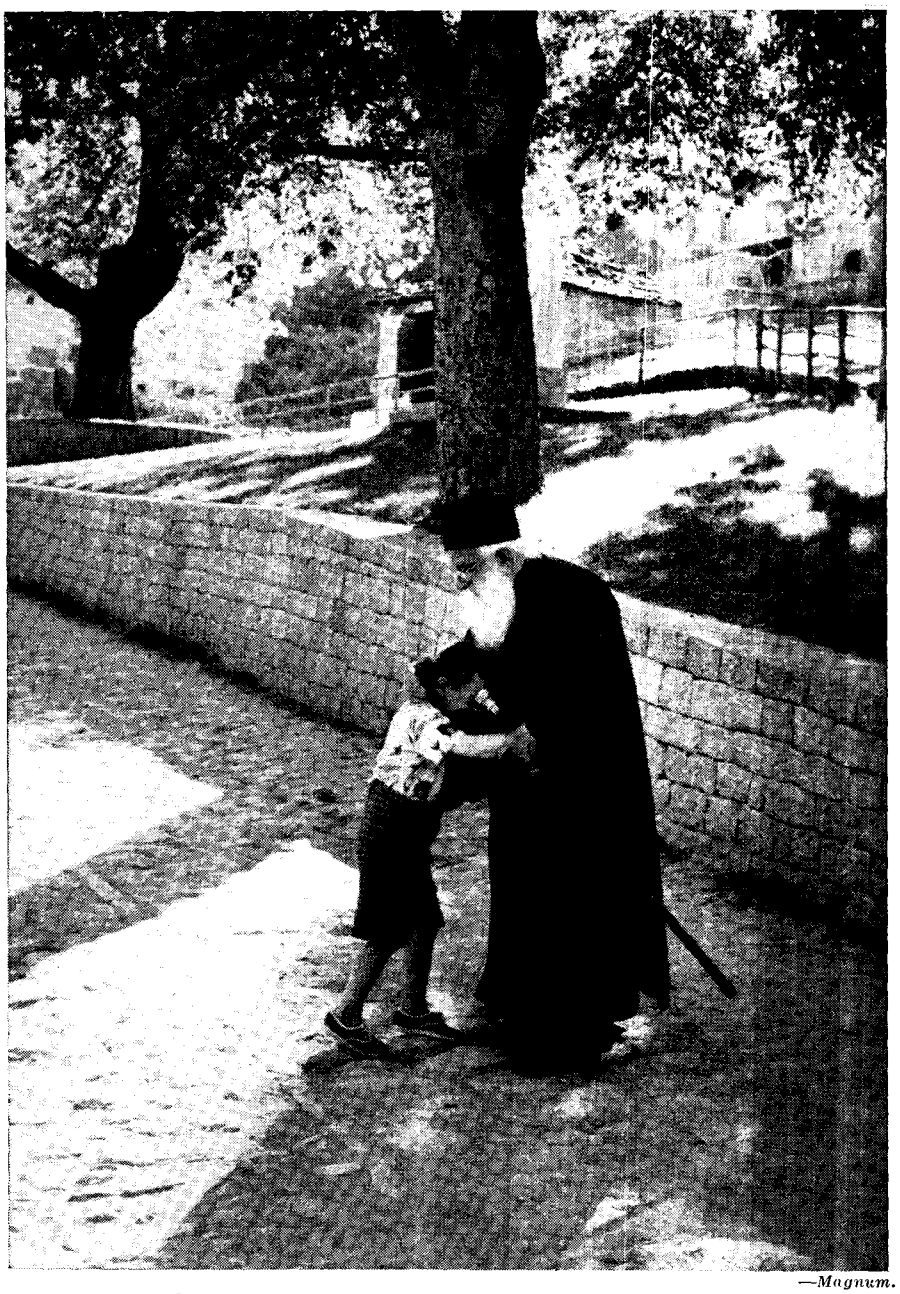

—*Magnum.*

CARTIER-BRESSON—in the Greek mountain village of Metsovon. A little boy runs up to greet the local pope.

CARTIER-BRESSON—scene in a Paris police station. As the officer takes notes on the typewriter, a woman complains that a girl she had taken in as her son's friend (left, eyes blocked) had ended by stealing all her savings from her handbag.

—*Magnum.*

occurs in the split-second of creation is that the psychic relationship between the eye behind the camera and the object to be photographed has moved inexorably toward the unpredictabl and mysteriously magic moment of cl. max. Both have expressed awareness that when a negative is exposed, what takes place is an equivalent of the supreme perfection of two essential orgasms coinciding in agreement, on the same wave-length—coalescing, releasing. A moment of supreme illumination is experienced.

Cartier-Bresson phrases it this way: "There is no question of observer and observed. In the act of love it is by way of empathy—oneness—that a third entity is created. There can be no short-cut, false gesture, fumbling, ulterior motive, missed moment. A full realization both of one's self and of the 'other' is at stake." In only slight variation, Stieglitz told me: "To see the moment is to liberate the moment."

AS LONG ago as the 1940s, Cartier-Bresson remarked with greatest respect, "Stieglitz was, of course, the father of all of us, and each of us needs a father." Yet, in spite of such spiritual affiliation, as one of the sons, his own role necessarily has had to differ decisively from that of his great predecessor.

It has been observed that when a fresh masterpiece is created, all pre vious masterworks must make room for it. They do, but they by no means lose their own powers thereby. Just as any masterpiece inevitably finds its place beside all others, so any battle already won need not again be waged in precisely the same fashion. On the contrary, it is the very battles that have hitherto been undreamed of that are precisely the ones waiting to be fought. The creators of fresh masterpieces are the swifter of eye, who see long before others the nature of the next life-giving battle that needs to be waged; who wage the battle, and win it, by the force of their own work and the quality of their being.

Stieglitz and Cartier-Bresson have been two such creative forces in our time. The "swifter eye" of each of them saw beyond already existing horizons. Each has added new stature, new dimensions to the use of the camera as a major medium of expression. Each has dedicated his entire life to his art. Each has been a revolutionary, "seceding" from all situations in which creative growth has been hampered. Both have proved beyond a doubt that whatever the art form to be utilized—whether photography, painting, sculpture, music, architecture—the quality of what is produced depends not upon the medium employed, but rather upon the genius and vision of its employer.

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The Muse Was Not for Hire

(Above) "Torn Movie Poster," 1931. (Below) "Wooden Church, South Carolina," 1936, from "Walker Evans American Photographs" (Museum of Modern Art. 195 pp. 87 plates. $7.50).

By JAMES THRALL SOBY, *art critic, editor of the Magazine of Art, and author of numerous studies of contemporary painters.*

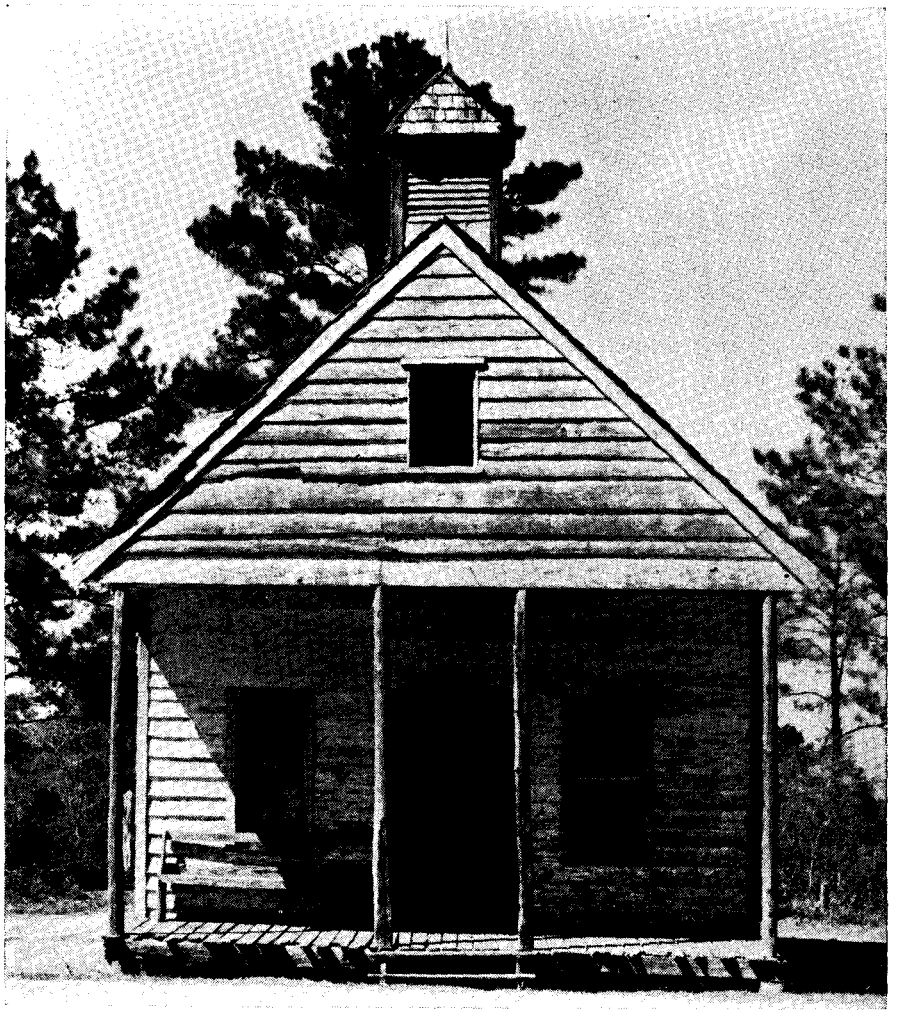
THE YEAR was 1933. I was spending a good deal of time studying contemporary photography in the vague hope that I might myself become a photographer. I looked frequently at books and albums of modern photographs, and I became more and more convinced that the photographic medium for the most part was losing its conviction, that after almost precisely 100 years it had become a kind of gigolo in the fine arts. It seemed to record the silks of elegance or the tatters of deprivation and, in either case, to have lost very often the basic pride through which it had survived in earlier times. It also seemed intent on denying its own limitations, whether by exploiting trick angles of ision or by experimenting with "abstract" effects through retouching, montage, distortions of focus, and other technical devices calculated to make a photograph look like what it was not. There were, of course, those who fought consistently for photography's intrinsic purity as a vehicle of expression. They were few in those days. Some were aging, some young. But most of their colleagues had arrived at an uneasy choice between illustration and "art."

Then along came Walker Evans. He was not alone; visionaries seldom are. But he brought back to photography an unabashed honesty, a lack of stylistic strain, which gave it a renewed purposefulness. He never tried to say anything of which the camera wasn't capable. He never asked his equipment to perform sleights-of-hand. He knew instinctively that the problem was for the photographer himself to see creatively and not to force his ingenious machine to do so for him.

Perhaps a personal reminiscence may help in some measure to explain what Evans's work meant to some of us during the bitter years of the Depression. I had seen his photographs in Lincoln Kirstein's distinguished magazine, *Hound and Horn.* Through a mutual friend I asked Kirstein whether Evans might take me on as an apprentice for a short time. I thought Evans's answer would be no. I also knew by then that I'd never find my answer to what I might want to do in any of the commercial photography schools.

Evans agreed to having a try at teaching me some of the things he knew about his difficult and demanding medium. The medium *is* both difficult and demanding, despite the hurricane of publicity that followed in the wake of the advertising slogan "you push the button and we do the rest." There's no easy formula for good photography. From Evans I was soon to learn why.

He arrived at my house in West Hartford, Connecticut, with a battered view camera, an old, slow lens, and some plain glass holders for making contact prints by the light of an ordinary household bulb. Seeing his primitive equipment, I became nervous and thought I'd made a mistake, though I



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liked Evans at once and sensed in him a dedication, with fiercely personal overtones, to the photographer's vision he intended to celebrate. I first showed him my darkroom. As I think back on it, this basement emporium was a masterpiece of extravagant redundancy. It had a huge, imported enlarger, the most costly printing paper and chemicals, fans, thermostatic controls, and almost every other gadget available to the plush amateur trade. And, naturally, it had cameras and lenses so finely made that photography's muse couldn't fail to whimper and surrender before such majesty.

The muse did nothing of the sort. She sneered. And so, more politely, did one of her favorite henchmen, Walker Evans. He put in a corner all the delicious ornaments of incompetence I'd accumulated. He got out his negative holders and began making contact prints on the inexpensive coated papers most commercial photographers use in preference to the vellum sheets of their "pictorial" colleagues. As I watched Evans's needle-sharp images emerge from the developer, I became aware of an inescapable fact that has little to do with technical procedure of any kind. I knew at last that photography's muse was not for hire. She belonged to those who were her unforgettable loves. Walker Evans was among them. I was not. The muses of any art are not to be bribed. The ladies are wary and tough; the merely flirtatious should look elsewhere for comfort.

The darkroom lesson was only a beginning. The next day Walker and I drove around the nearby towns with our cameras. I was beginning to know what would interest him: homemade and wry fenestration as opposed to the classicism of our colonial past; our highways' billboards, with peeling scars of neglect where once public covetousness had been urged. Evans had a romantic ardor for ruins and abandoned vestiges of glory. He had, in brief, a strong and probably incurable sense of *noblesse n'oblige pas*. I took him to old industrial towns like Collinsville and to Charter Oak Park in Hartford, once the scene of the Connecticut State Fair and now desolate except for the harness-racing track, which had been its main attraction. The track was still in use for training purposes. Disheveled stables clung to its sides, their horses waiting to be shipped to brighter spots on the sulky-racing circuit.

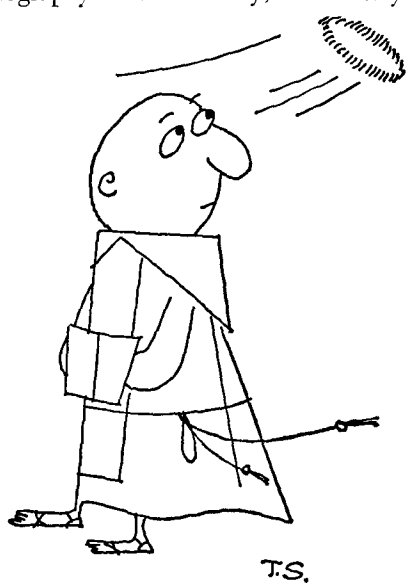
I was sure by then what Evans might want to photograph. But I never knew —and do not to this day—what made him decide what to encompass in the screen of his camera, from what distance, with what exploitation of the daylight and of the imponderables of plastic balance. These were problems he resolved with hypnotic certainty. The result was an imagery unmistakably his own. And the most difficult of all tasks for a photographer, I think, is to be consistently unmistakable. Nadar was, Atget was, Stieglitz was. So, it seems to me, have been Steichen, Paul Strand, Cartier-Bresson, and Walker Evans, among others.

My tutelage with Evans was brief, but I've always been grateful for it, since it taught me the limitations of the amateur and that these limitations can sometimes be converted to practical, documentary use.

IN 1933 Walker worked for the most part with a large view camera, as I've said. But he was already aware of the promise latent in the miniature cameras appearing on the market in growing numbers. That same year Henri Cartier-Bresson showed in New York his Leica snapshots, at first glance haphazardly informal and on further study revealing a superb new aesthetic of the casual and the unforeseen, instantly recorded. Evans was deeply excited by these photographs, and I remember his saying to me, "this is a new road we've barely explored." A few years later I went to see Walker in his apartment on Bethune Street in New York. He showed me some photographs he had made of people riding in the city's subways. He had made them in the weary underground light with a Leica equipped with a very fast lens, without benefit of the flashbulbs that he loathed. I suppose we still must call them "candid camera" photographs, though the phrase was never adequate and long since has been despoiled by the inept.

I thought then and think to this day that Evans's subway series is one of the very great achievements of photography in our century; its direct yet subtle honesty remains inimitable. Nevertheless, Walker swore me to secrecy about it. Perhaps this was in part because he did not want imitators (and photographers are the most incurable copyists in the world unless protected by superior talent). But mainly, I think, he wanted the last of his unwitting subjects to have arrived at their destination before the prints were released. His words about the subway photographs, when published in part a few years ago in *Harper's Bazaar*, testify to his reticence and his purpose:

> The portraits . . . were caught by a hidden camera, in the hands of a penitent spy and an apologetic *voyeur*. But the rude and impudent invasion involved has been carefully softened and partially mitigated by a planned passage of time. These pictures were made twenty years ago, and deliberately preserved from publication. As it happens, you don't see among them the face of a judge or a senator or a bank president. What you see is at once sobering, startling and obvious: these are the ladies and gentlemen of the jury.



Another of Walker Evans's finest achievements was his collaboration with the late James Agee on the book called "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men," first issued in 1941 and reissued two years ago. (During the later years of the Depression, Agee and Evans toured the poorer sections of the South and came back with invaluable material, Agee with notes for his text, Evans with photographs to use as illustrations.) Personally I consider this the most memorable instance of joint creativity by writer and photographer I've ever seen anywhere, here or abroad, from this and earlier epochs as well. The text and illustrations are magnetically fused; the overall impact is one of superb poetic intensity and eloquence.

Not only has "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" been reprinted, but so has the monograph on Evans which the Museum of Modern Art published in 1938 when it held its retrospective exhibition of Evans's work—the first one-man exhibition by a photographer ever held in the Museum. My one regret is that the plates used are identical with those in the original edition. No recent work has been added, though Evans has gone on producing some marvelous photographs, especially those in black-and-white rather than the color which publishers so often demand these days. I console myself with the rumor that a book on Evans's career from 1938 to the present is planned by a leading American publishing house. I, for one, plan to stand in line to get it.

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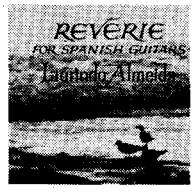

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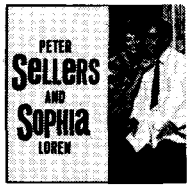

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794. BARTOK: Music for Strings, Percussion, Celesta; **HINDEMITH:** "Mathis der Maler" Symphony.

773. Beethoven: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1; SONATA NO. 27. Solomon, piano. Herbert Menges conducts.

776. KURT WEILL IN BERLIN. Songs from the master tunesmith's hit shows, including Threepenny Opera.

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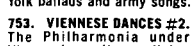

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1486

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Bean-shaped.

B. Should refrain, by conscience, prudence, or good taste, from some contemplated action (5 wds.)

C. Any succession in series.

D. Word describing a soldier with a certain duty, revived during World War I from Napoleonic times.

E. In irregular or vacillating manner.

F. Earnest petition.

G. Mr. Vice-President's given name.

H. Botanical term for the aggregate fruit of a plant.

I. Home of the ancient Boeotian figurines.

J. The bordering district of a certain English river.

K. Describing anybody in the early years of the ninth decade (colloq.).

L. At once.

M. See Word Q.

WORDS

91 5 115 212 109 18 154 162

95 107 186 182 34 137 53 111 41 158 64 48 82 103

176 134 17 99 81 172 164 120

89 125 19 38 140 190 132 177 56

153 211 202 192 66 129 179 116 197 163

208 59 37 189 185 67 168 122

22 112 135 118 123 75

28 73 36 84 166 90 104

98 178 51 136 121 80 58

142 94 159 114 155 39 128 183

148 119 47 45 69 105 191 157 27

10 79 188 130 15 113 1

77 49 31 52 44 160

DEFINITIONS

N. A protection from rain. (rare).

O. Place where the ulnar nerve rests against the medial condyle of the humerus (2 wds.).

P. Silhouette of the ideal Victorian feminine figure.

Q. Followed by Word M, a quickly made unit of embroidery used for working small flowers and leaves (2 wds.).

R. Eliot opus whose heroine is Dorothea Brooke.

S. Bloated; specif., afflicted with the human variety of the "heaves."

T. Important dam in North Carolina, part of the TVA.

U. Fraud.

V. Unit of electrical work or energy (comp.).

W. Bringer of the gospel; patriarch of the Mormon Ch.

X. In spite of that.

WORDS

106 57 193 144 50 207 63 21 11

203 3 96 201 169 70 217 20 143

4 62 124 68 54 100 76 133 24

175 200 213 151 117 127 161 78 194

198 210 131 138 86 9 206 72 149 152 25

97 209 145 30 180 43 199 150 87 26 13 187 173

16 214 32 181 60 35 174 141 195

85 205 42 171 93 74 12 126

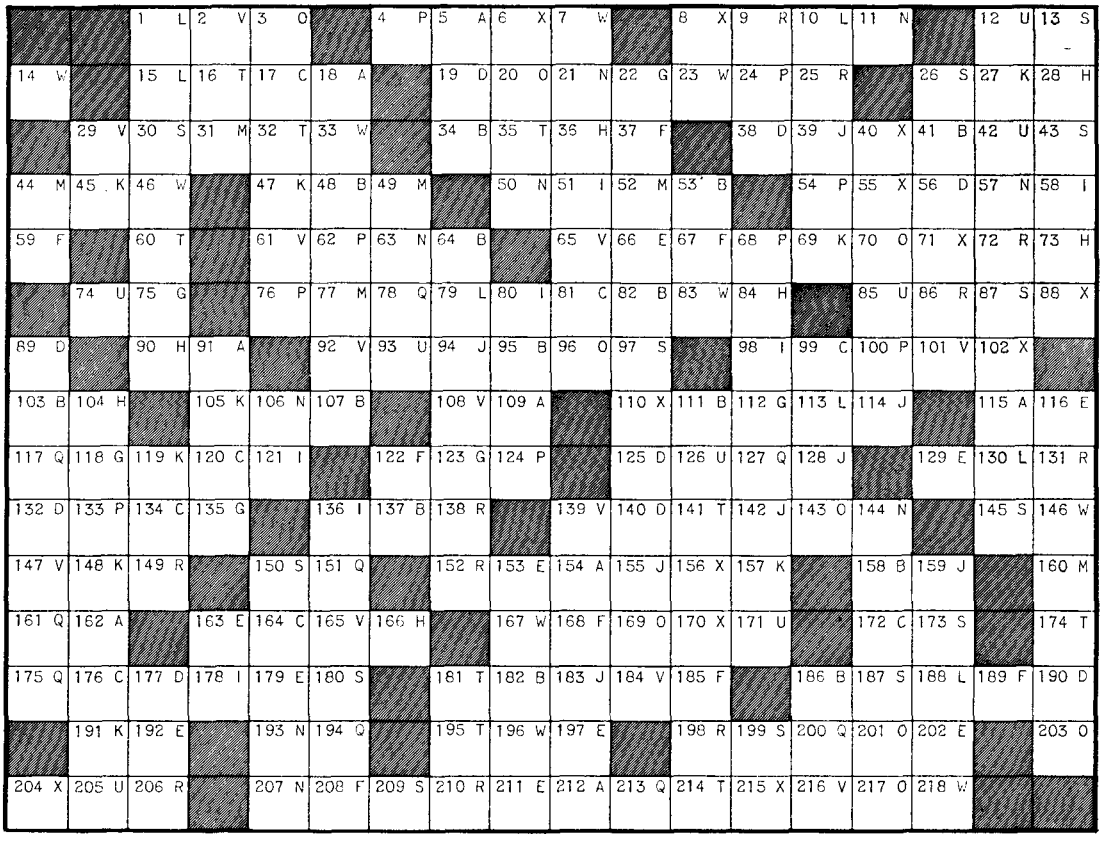
101 216 61 2 139 92 29 147 65 108 165 184

7 83 146 218 33 46 196 23 167 14

88 71 6 156 204 215 8 40 170 55 102 110

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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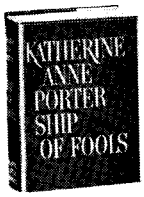

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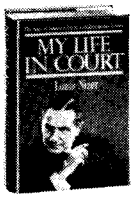

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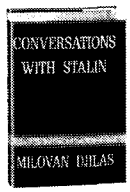

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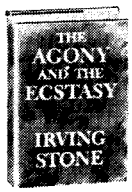

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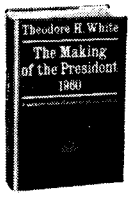

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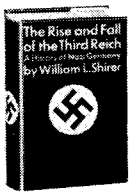

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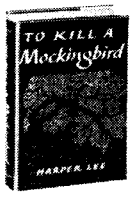

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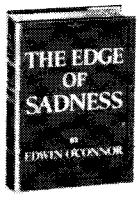

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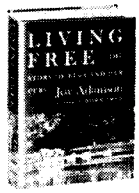

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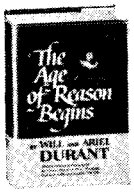

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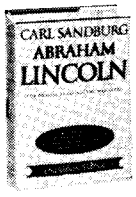

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